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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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THE OLD MILL AT STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, P.Q.

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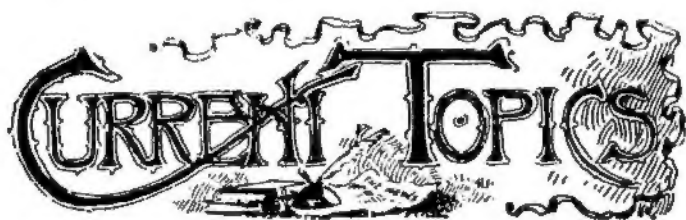
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19th SEPTEMBER, 1891.



The Political Muddle.

It is evident to everyone that a strong hand and decisive action is now essential from the supreme power in the State. The general upheaval and ferment in the Government and its departments, and in our less brilliant constellation at Quebec, has been steadily growing, and has now reached a point that demands the intervention of the Crown. In the former, we see the session of Parliament being spun out beyond all reason, its time taken up largely with accusations and counter charges of bribery and corruption—honourable members hurling across the floor epithets and taunts which remind one more of a Republican Congress than a British House of Parliament; we see the leadership in the Commons a divided and unsettled question, the First Minister without any voice or say whatever in the popular Chamber. But these are minor points compared to the unhealthy state of certain of the Departments, and to the gross negligence—if nothing worse—of Ministers of the Crown, who have, by their apparent ignorance of outrageous bribery going on almost under their own eyes, given ample proof of their incapacity for their positions. The thing is so palpably unfair to their colleagues, that we wonder at any Minister whose department has shown such signs of disorganization not stepping down and out as soon as he saw how his negligence is not only doing irreparable damage to the Ministry, but also to the whole party to which he and they belong.

Quebec Morality.

In the Province of Quebec we see the Ministry found guilty at the bar of public opinion of another case of malversation; one that is really only a rider to previous affairs of a similar nature, but which has attracted a far greater degree of public attention from its having been investigated before the Dominion Parliament instead of being confined to the Quebec Star Chamber. As might have been expected, serious friction has arisen between the Ministry and the Lieutenant-Governor, who is naturally hurt deeply at the public exhibition of his advisers' shortcomings, and whose constitutional course is beset with difficulty. We see the confidential agent and financial go-between of the

Ministry skipping off to Europe when wanted here, and not troubling himself to return or to offer any reply or excuse even when his name is bandied around the country with every expression of contempt. Instead of the Ministry—who represent the public and whose salaries are paid out of the public funds—taking immediate steps to satisfy their constituents of their innocence of the alleged charges, we find them treating the whole matter in an easy-going, contemptuous way, and standing on Provincial dignity as to the right of the Federal House to criticise their conduct. The accusations of misapplying public funds are bad enough, but what appears the most objectionable feature of the business is the calm and bland manner in which the parties implicated treat the matter.

Vice-Regal Action.

Personal action on the part of the Governor-General in both the Ottawa and Quebec muddles would, we think, be welcomed by all. While ordinary cases demand ordinary procedure, a time when the honour of Canada is besmirched from both without and within—when, with all the added exaggeration that distance and a foreign cable service can lend, the leading papers of Britain hold up their hands in horror at the exhibitions of bribery and incapacity shown in two great Departments in our public service, and when almost every day brings out fresh evidence of mismanagement, it is time for His Excellency, as the Queen's representative, to personally see that the men whose mismanagement has brought this disgrace on the country are dropped from the number of his advisers, without waiting for them to resign or to be ignominiously defeated at the polls by an indignant community. In the Provincial case, when action on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor is hampered by the LETELLIER precedent, it would, we think, be not in excess of LORD STANLEY'S power to take the law in his own hands and have the matter sifted by a Royal commission whose members be chosen from the Supreme Court, not from politicians of either party. The cost of Provincial rule in Canada is becoming far too great a tax; and when it develops scandals that seriously damage the reputation of the country, people may well ask themselves if local legislation could not be effected by less arrogant and expensive bodies than our Provincial Parliaments as now constituted.

Since the foregoing was written, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR ANGERS' letter to HON. MR. MERCIER has been made public; and the proposals therein made, that three judges of the Quebec Bench should form the Royal Commission, is a perfectly fair one. Many will, however, still think that the ruling of a tribunal drawn from the highest judicial body in the Dominion would carry even greater weight on account of its absolute freedom from any sectional or Provincial prejudice.

The Census.

It is impossible for every Canadian not to feel deeply pained at the official result of the recent census; and the more the figures are looked into, the more apparent does it become that some huge blunder has been made, either in the enumeration of 1881 or that just concluded. With the natural increase to the population, amounting to half a million, and with an immigration of twice that figure,—both of which items can be fairly counted in,—the figures show us to be exactly one million short of what they should be. Every department of industry throughout Canada shows a marked increase; large areas of new land have been oc-

cupied by actual settlers; bank deposits, farm produce, imports and exports, in fact all lines that denote material prosperity, show during the past ten years a vast increase over the figures for the previous decade; and yet we appear to have lost a round million of population. SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT claims that the loss has been very much greater than this figure, so we think that one million is a moderate and fair estimate. Now does it seem probable that one hundred thousand persons can slip out of the country each year—over eight thousand each month, year in and year out for a whole decade, without such an exodus being apparent to every voter and every reasonable soul in the Dominion? It is too much to ask us to believe. It is altogether probable from facts which have been publicly stated, that the figures stated by the census returns of 1881 were very largely in excess of the actual population of Canada at that time; and also that the enumeration made this year errs in the other direction to no small degree. Within the past month a large number of unsolicited contributions to the press all through the country have given many instances of persons not called on by the officials; and for every such known case there must be hundreds which have not come to light. The case of St. John, N.B. is a fair sample. All the various civic statistics show a considerable increase since 1881, and yet the census gives a falling-off of 2,174; it seems beyond denial either that the figures taken there ten years ago were far too high, or that this year many names have been overlooked. It would be a valuable move on the part of the Government to ascertain from each county council or other municipal body in Canada by means of a circular, its views as to the extent of the exodus of its people to the United States (if such existed) and to find out the reasons that as a general rule induced the exiles to leave Canada. Such would constitute a valuable expression of opinion from practical men, and would carry far greater weight than any amount of Parliamentary oratory.

The Toronto Highland Corps.

It is satisfactory to learn that all necessary details in connection with the organization of the Toronto Highland Regiment are being rapidly arranged, and in the supplementary estimates just submitted to Parliament \$5,000 is allotted for the initial expense of the new corps. We understand that within a very few weeks the regiment will be formally gazetted into the service. Possibly the official number and name have been already definitely arranged; and we trust the mistake will not be committed of numbering the corps at the end of the Militia List, while two blanks occur in the numerical chain. The old 4th and 48th battalions are extinct and their places have not been filled; far better would it be to give one of these numbers to the new regiment than to continue the list by numbering it the 97th,—the 56th being now the highest number on our roll. By gazetting it as the 48th one of the gaps would be filled, and no question of seniority could arise at any time between the new corps and the 10th Grenadiers, as might happen were it numbered the 4th. Precedents for this step are easily found, and we can call to mind at least two; the old 21st and 43rd battalions having been reduced, their numbers were granted to two new corps, the first of which represented a widely different district. Any Canadian corps might be proud to be called the 48th, in view of the high standing and distinguished foreign ser-

vices of the Imperial regiment that bore that number for so many years—now merged into the "Northamptonshire," of which it forms the first battalion. Its colours are rich in names of fights which were won by steady British valour, contending against superior numbers and surrounded by difficulty and privation. Two of the regiment's distinctions, "Louisburg" and "Quebec," make it one that should be highly honoured here as an instrument in the establishment of British rule in Canada. "Douro," "Talavera," "Albuhera," "Badajoz," "Sebastopol," are a few of the many glorious names borne on its colours; and any corps here may well be proud of a number with such distinguished associations. By a glance at recent militia returns, it will be seen how much Montreal is ahead of her sister city in the number of men enrolled, and the consequent excellent field that exists in Toronto for recruiting an additional battalion. In the former city 1655 men (not counting the 65th Batt.) passed inspection, out of an English-speaking population of about 100,000, while in Toronto 1125 militia men are reported, the same class of population being certainly not less than 160,000. To proportionately equal Montreal's military representatives the western city should have about 2,650 men under arms. In this comparison we exclude "C" Company I.S.C. as being a regular corps and not exclusively from Toronto.

A Brilliant Number.

The coming Christmas Number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be the most magnificent holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Splendid supplements, beautiful engravings, charming stories, sketches and poems will embellish this number. In literary features and artistic arrangement it will prove a source of the deepest pleasure to all. It will surpass the Christmas issue of last year, which was so heartily endorsed by the best critics throughout Canada.



A CAMPING PARTY NEAR PICTON, ONT.

There, perhaps, is no more beautiful sheet of water in Ontario than the picturesque and historic Bay of Quinte. It was along these shores that the United Empire Loyalists selected their homes, and their quaint old residences may still be seen where, a hundred years ago, these noble men began anew the battle of life. Those attractions which induced our forefathers to settle in this district have made it the favourite resort of campers ever since. During the hot weather hundreds from the neighbouring towns and cities pitch their tents on some sheltered point and give themselves up to that freedom that camping induces. So popular, indeed, is this pastime that old men enter into it with the vigour of school boys. No camp for the past few years has been more widely or favourably known than Camp Le Nid. It was organized in 1886 by a company of law students of Toronto, who selected Ruttan's Point, about seven miles from the town of Picton, as their camping ground. This location is within sight of the memorial church, commemorating the first landing of the U. E. Loyalists upon the spot where it is erected. About two miles distant is that freak of nature, the Lake on the Mountain, two hundred feet above the water's edge of the Bay. This is also the centre of the celebrated fishing grounds, where black bass and maskinonge never fail to respond to the inviting fly and spoon in the hands of an expert, and where perch and other small fish nibble at any bait that the unexperienced novice may throw to them. Le Nid has added to its numbers, until now there are nineteen upon its roll of membership, scattered over the Dominion and the United States, but they return regularly to the old spot, where they spend a month every summer. Their motto is: "Sans souci, sans cérémonie, sans peur et sans reproche." Nearly every profession is represented.

There are no ladies in the party, and they employ no servants. They house themselves and their belongings in six roomy tents, and pride themselves on their discipline and strict adherence to the somewhat rigid rules of camp. Professors, lawyers, doctors and merchants handle a ladle or a dish-cloth with as much seriousness as if engaged in their regular vocations. Le Nid has a welcome for everyone; their larder is always well filled, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to entertain large parties upon their grounds.

THE OLD MILL AT ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, P.Q.

It is ascertained from various documents and records connected with the history of Canada that M. Dollier, Superior of the Seminary, granted a *fief noble* to M. Sidrac du Gué, Sieur de Boisbriant, on the 19th January, 1672. The property so granted consisted of about two hundred acres, now belonging to Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, and is situated on the border of the Lake of Two Mountains. It forms the western extremity of the island. On this, as far as we can ascertain, du Gué had already built the mill; and close to the river bank, below this mill, a large fortified chateau, the ruins of which still appear. (See DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, vol. V., page 287.) This grant was made in consideration of M. du Gué's zeal and courage in the defence of the country, and of his having already constructed the mill and fort referred to. The mill, therefore, was probably built a few years before the granting of the fief and shortly after the arrival of the seigneur in the country, in 1665. The fief was named Boisbriant, and retained that name until it was sold by the seigneur, and his wife, Marie Moyon, to Charles LeMoyne de Longueuil and Jacques le Ber (greffe de Ville Marie, 20th June, 1679), who afterwards sold to M. le Ber de Saineville, who gave his name to the fort and seigniory. The mill (see first page of this issue) is very strongly constructed of rough stone, the walls being about 2 ft. 6 in. thick. The walls on the first and second stories are loopholed, and over the two doors, on the ground floor, were built hoods, through which the defenders could fire from the first story upon any besiegers who might have gained the entrances, and who would then be out of reach of fire from the loopholes on either side of them. The roof was probably in the high conical form in vogue during that period. In the history of Canada by Abbé de Belmont, the burning of this mill by the Iroquois, on the 7th May, 1691, is specially mentioned, and it may be inferred that the fort below was also destroyed on that date. The particulars of the assault and burning were obtained by the historian from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. Mention is there made of a defence of a breach in the wall of the courtyard of the fort by a Madame Gregoire, Madame Goulet and some others against the three hundred Iroquois who made the assault, during which Verchères and a soldier are mentioned as having been killed among the others. We have discovered no record of the rebuilding of the mill, but the fort was rebuilt shortly after it was taken on the above mentioned occasion, and appears to have been occupied by a family of the name of DeMontigny up to the time of the taking of Montreal, when Montgomery, hearing of its existence, sent a party of men up the river to destroy and dismantle it.

THE WINNER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PRIZE.

We have pleasure in reproducing the portrait of Lieut. E. A. Smith, St. John Rifles, one of the best shots in Canada, and this year's winner of the prize of \$250 offered annually by His Excellency the Governor-General at the Dominion Rifle Association meeting. Mr. Smith's shooting record goes back to 1876, but it was not until 1880 that he first competed at the D. R. A. matches at Ottawa. Since then his success has been remarkable, he having won a place on the Wimbledon team no less than four times, going over with it in 1882, '87, '88 and '90, and has now every prospect of repeating the visit next summer. In 1887 he won the grand aggregate, in '88 was first on the team, and now comes off with the most valuable and useful prize of the year. Mr. Smith commenced his military career in the 71st Battalion, Fredericton, N.B., joining that corps in 1876 as a private, and being promoted through the several grades until he reached his present rank. In 1887 he exchanged from the 71st into the St. John Rifles, to which corps he now belongs. In business life Mr. Smith is a member of the firm of Harding & Smith, the well-known brokers, of St. John, N.B.

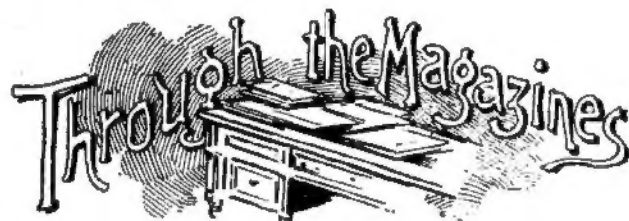
ON DUFFERIN LAKE, ORANGEVILLE.

Orangeville is a flourishing town of about 3,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on a branch of the Credit river, Wellington County, Ont. It is about 50 miles west of Toronto, on what was formerly the Toronto, Grey & Bruce railway, but now part of the Canadian Pacific Railway system; a large business is done in the town, there being several factories,

mills and foundries and between 30 and 40 stores devoted to various branches of trade. Three weekly papers are issued from Orangeville, while the religious and educational interests of its people are well looked after, there being nine churches and a proportionate number of schools. The place is an excellent type of one of those busy, go-ahead small towns that abound in Ontario.

THE SHIP "CANADA."

For the photograph of the ship "Canada," lying on the stocks at Kingsport, we are indebted to Mr. Lewis Rice, photographer, Windsor, N. S.



ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

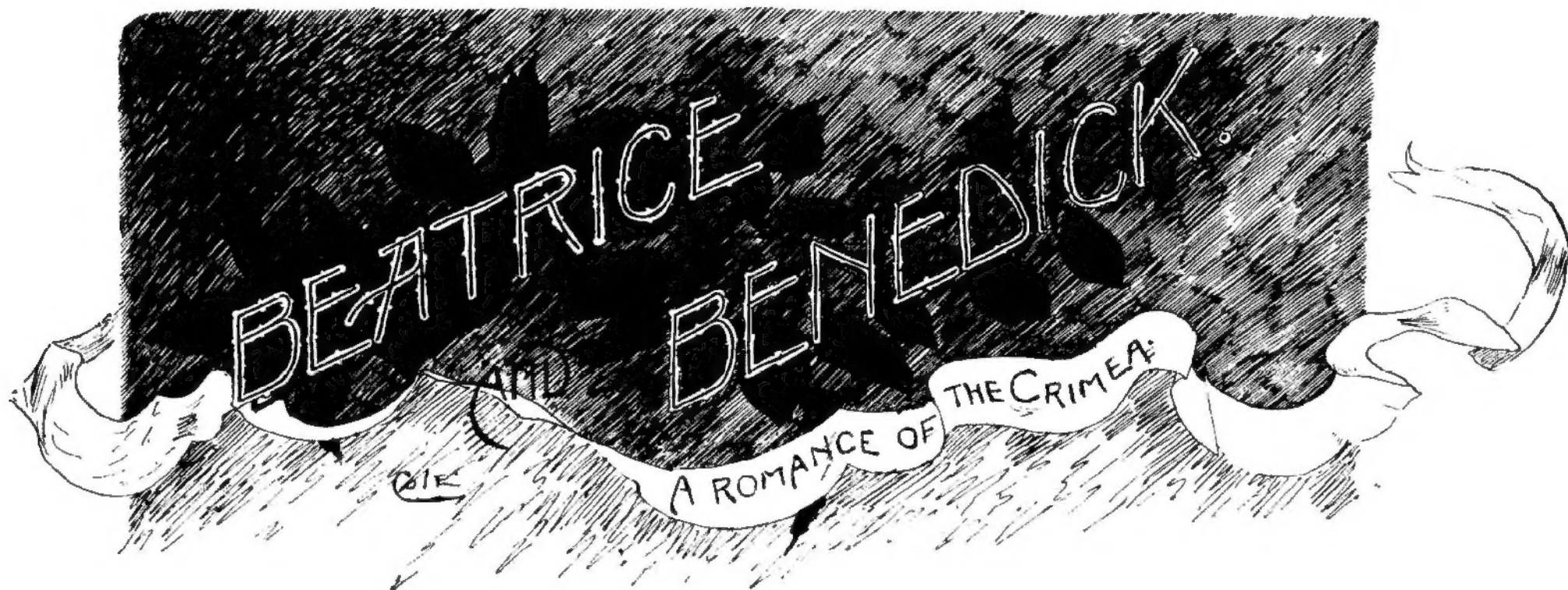
The number for July comprises a series devoted to subjects of great interest to all thoughtful readers. The article on "The Constitution of the United States of Mexico" gives details of a subject comparatively little known, and is of great value to any student of political economy. In his paper on "Land Transfer Reform," Professor Jenks pleads earnestly for the adoption by the United States of the Torrens system of transfer, pointing out how greatly that country is behind Canada and Australia in this important respect. The subject of "The Economic Basis of Prohibition" is ably treated by Professor Patten, followed by an article on "International Liability for Mob Injuries," which is of much value in view of the recent troubles at New Orleans. Professor Ritchie's account of "The Teaching of Political Science at Oxford" will found an extremely interesting summary of certain phases of life at the world's greatest university. Personal notes and book reviews close the number; among the latter will be found a lengthy notice of Mr. Aitkin's recent monograph on "The Dominion of Canada; a Study of Annexation," a work well spoken of as giving a concise view of Canadian matters past and present. The "Annals" are issued bi-monthly, and published by the "American Academy of Political and Social Science," Philadelphia.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

"A Woman's Number," the Cosmopolitan for September is styled, and among the contributors are Amelia Rives, Lady Dilke, Eleanor Lewis, Mary Bacon Ford, Countess Noraikow, and more than half a dozen other women whose names are associated with excellent literary work. This number is one of the deepest interest throughout, made all the more so that with each article is presented also a miniature portrait and brief biographical notice of the life of the authoress. Lady Dilke has a bright article on "France's Greatest Military Artist," a subject her experience as an art critic enables her to treat with skill. In "A Forgotten City," Eleanor Lewis recalls the glories of Soluntum and describes its ruins. "Malmaison in the Market," by Mary Bacon Ford, gives a charming picture of the home life of Josephine and Napoleon at that famous mansion, with a glimpse of its bitter ending, and the last visit of Napoleon to the place before his surrender to the English. "The Ladies' New York Club" is entertainingly described and championed by Julia Hayes Percy. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor deals with the "Evolution of the Society Journal," from the Roman Pasquinades to the "skim-milk" society journal of to-day, and has some very caustic things to say of the latter. In "Society Women as Authors," "Tattersall's," "Il Mandolinista," "The Romance of Count Korismark," "Woman's Share in Russian Nihilism," and other contributions, the great interest of the number is splendidly sustained.

THE UNITED SERVICE.

The September number of this excellent magazine, which is devoted to the military and naval affairs of the United States, is an unusually interesting one. The articles that will be specially noted by the profession are: Capt. Brinkerhoff's paper on "Some Sequences of Rifle and Carbine Firing," in which suggestions are made for experiments well worth carrying out; "Ramming in Naval Duels," a concise article by Mr. Brainard, U.S.N., and an excellent article, reproduced from the "United Service Magazine," London, (written by Capt. Maude, of the Royal Engineers), on "Cavalry on the Battlefield." The series of papers devoted to the history of the United States frigate Constitution, is continued. There are also several clever and amusing stories, besides service notes and other items of interest. Philadelphia, L. R. Hamersley & Co.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER IX.—CONSTABLE TARRANT IS PUZZLED.

Police Constable Richard Tarrant is somewhat disconcerted at having as yet failed to verify his conclusions. He had drawn a more poetic deduction than Miss Smerdon, concerning the mysterious employment practised by Dr. Lynden in his den. When on duty, his beat really brought him within the vicinity of the Doctor's house; but he spent many a sleepless night, which his obligations to the force did not impose upon him, in watching that side-door of the Doctor's. We know what he supposed that the rather retiring portal would open to admit; but, with all his vigilance, he was fain to acknowledge that, watch as he might, he had seen bodies neither living nor dead pass its threshold. Had he confided his suspicions to Pollie Phibbs, that young lady, after she had got over the first shock of such an accusation against the Doctor, would have ridiculed the bare idea of such a thing. What the Doctor might do in the laboratory she did not know, but she would have been quite certain that it could be nothing of the kind that Dick Tarrant suspected; and still more certain that if there had been the faintest grounds for thinking such a thing, nothing would ever have induced her to enter the room again. She had obeyed her cousin's command to keep her eye upon the Doctor; she had always done as Dick told her, and yet even about that she had her compunctions, and only for that foolish belief she had in Dick's understanding would have pronounced that all nonsense. That so far it had led to nothing, she was well-satisfied. The Doctor was a kind master, to whom she wished no harm; if, as Dick said, he was engaged in something "agen the law," well, then, she supposed he deserved to be punished, but she did not wish hers should be the hand to bring it about. Her young mistress too she held in the highest esteem and then had she not just written that letter to Mr. Fleming in the Crimea, and Polly Phibbs looked upon the ægis of Hugh Fleming's protection as going far to ensure the safety of her boyish brother. Still she never had refused to do Dick's bidding, and she would do it now, but it was much satisfaction to her to find that nothing came of it. What had induced the Doctor to make that mysterious addition to his house? It would have hardly attracted the curiosity of anyone but such an addle-headed man as Dick Tarrant. His main idea was that advancement in the police was easiest procured by some startling discovery of crime. More than one had taken place since he had been in the force, but Dick argued that he never had any luck; let him only get a chance and they would see what was in him. His superiors believed very little, and were not at all likely to entrust Constable Tarrant with any delicate investigation. A slow

thinker, one to whom ideas came but seldom, Dick clung strongly to this main belief of his, and also to that subsidiary notion that the conviction of the Doctor was the case by which he was destined to achieve greatness. Now, without the slightest disparagement of the police, because it is an infirmity of human nature, there is always a disposition to make evidence chime in with conviction. Once having settled in our mind who is the author of a murder, we are more disposed to devote our powers to proving ourselves right in that conjecture than to the unbiassed investigation of who really committed it. The faculty of cool, judicial analysis is rare, and it is seldom even the best detective can resist jumping to a conclusion at which he should only have arrived step by step.

That Richard Tarrant is also obstinate, it is almost needless to state: men of this type always are. Let them once get a maggot into their head, and they cling to it with a pertinacity that would be beyond all praise if it were not wrongheadedness—mainly owing, I fancy, for want of another idea to take its place. Dick Tarrant is in this plight. He began by suspecting Doctor Lynden of vague offences, and must continue to do so because he has no one else to suspect.

It is Sunday afternoon, and in the worst possible humour Mr. Tarrant is lounging about the road awaiting the advent of Miss Phibbs. He is angry that his vigilance has resulted in nothing so far. Mr. Tarrant is an indolent man, and chafes mightily at nights out of bed, which produce no compensating result. That he should have been kept waiting is an additional grievance; and moreover he has discovered that Polly is reluctant to carry out his orders—in fact, to use his own expression, that she isn't half "keeping an eye on him."

"Now," mutters Mr. Tarrant to himself, "I ain't going to stand that! not likely, you know. Never give women their heads; that's my motto. And if Polly thinks she's not to keep her nose to the grindstone she's very much mistaken. There's my future career all depending upon the successful working out of this riddle, and she thinks she ain't called on to assist. If she thinks after we are married she'll have nothing to do but sit with her hands in her lap and play at being a fine lady, she won't do for me. A man can't do everything himself, and my wife will have to keep the pot boiling."

God help poor Polly Phibbs if she should come to wed this man under that delusion. He is of that sort for whom women of Polly's class work their fingers to the bone, quite content to keep their lords in indolence as long as they neither ill-use nor are false to them.

Suddenly the side-door of the Doctor's house opened, that door which, watch it as he might, he had seldom succeeded in seeing used by anyone.

And out of it, to the utter bewilderment of Constable Tarrant, stepped a well but quietly-dressed lady-like woman. Although closely veiled, he felt sure that it was not Miss Lynden; he knew the latter perfectly by sight. The Doctor's visitor was both taller and stouter, in short, much more of a woman, and her unexpected appearance so upset his previous suspicions concerning the Doctor that he neglected to do what an ordinary intelligent officer would have done under the circumstances, to wit, follow her.

She apparently did not notice him, but walked quickly towards the busy part of the town, while Dick first stared vacantly at her and then looked in a mazed way at the portal from which she had emerged. He was still gazing at this last, when he was startled by a voice at his elbow, saying—

"You seem rather interested in that door, my man; pray, what is it you see to admire in it?"

He turned, and to his surprise found the Doctor standing by his side.

"How on earth did he come here?" was Dick's first thought, utterly oblivious of the fact that it was easy for the Doctor to come out of one door while his (Tarrant's) eyes were fixed on the other.

"Nothing, sir, nothing!" he replied, confusedly. "I was only just thinking—"

"Of what?" said the Doctor, suavely.

"Thinking, sir, thinking—just thinking—about nothing at all," concluded Dick, desperately disconcerted by the keen glance with which the Doctor regarded him.

"An occupation in which mankind spend a good deal of their time," said the Doctor, with a slightly sarcastic smile. "I wish you a good afternoon!" and he walked leisurely away in the same direction as that taken by the lady.

"Well, I'm blowed!" remarked Mr. Tarrant after a minute or two. "Here's a discovery! This is what comes of keeping your eye on them." And here his reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Miss Phibbs.

"Now Polly," he exclaimed, after they had shaken hands, "You're a nice one, you are, to help an intelligent officer in the discharge of his duties. Who's that lady who visits the Doctor, and he keeps out of the side door? You've never said anything about her, you know."

"Lady! What lady? The only ladies that come to our house come to visit Miss Lynden, and of course come and go at the proper door."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Tarrant, sarcastically; "this is what you call keeping an eye on him, is it? If you ain't got no powers of observation, you can't help it. If you can't see beyond the end of your nose I'm sorry for you; but if you ain't altogether a beetle, it's downright wicked idleness, that's what it is."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! what have I done?" cried the girl.

"Done," replied the police-constable in high dudgeon, "It's what you ain't done I'm complaining of. How do you think I'm ever going to get on in my profession if you won't help?"

"I assure you, Dick, I've done as you ordered me, but I've nothing to tell you. The Doctor looks himself into the laboratory as usual, and I haven't been called in to tidy it up for a good three weeks. He's never had a lady, nor any other visitor to my knowledge all the time. Are you sure you're not mistaken?"

"Mistaken! not likely," he replied, "I suppose you was born without gumption and it can't be helped, but just you attend to me." And then Mr. Tarrant proceeded to relate circumstantially how he had seen the lady come out of the side door, how her departure had been closely followed by the unexpected appearance of the Doctor at his elbow, and how the latter had then walked off in the same direction.

If Miss Phybbs had been a very faint-hearted coadjutor so far, in the detective business, yet she promised to be a very valuable assistant in the future. She wished no harm to the Doctor and his family, but her womanly curiosity was now thoroughly piqued. There was a slight flavour of scandal about Dick's story which was very titillating, her enquiries concerning the lady's dress were far more minute than her cousin was able to satisfy; and if Dick recognised that his theory of the Doctor carrying on a private school of anatomy was negatived by the appearance of a lady on the scene, Miss Phybbs' ready brain had already built up another to take its place, in which, sad to say, a very indifferent construction was put upon her master's character; still, in spite of Mr. Tarrant's discovery they were, in reality, not one whit wiser than before. Polly had known that men occasionally used that stair for the purpose of visiting her master's laboratory. She knew now that a woman had also used it for the same purpose, and she knew no more. Why they came and what they came about, she and Dick were quite as ignorant of as ever. They talked the thing over, most exhaustively, during their walk. And while Miss Phybbs ran over the list of ladies who visited the house, endeavouring to put her finger upon the one likely to be guilty of such an indiscretion as secretly visiting her master, Mr. Tarrant arraigned the Doctor of every crime in the annals of the police, coin-ing, forgery, burglary, etc., only to reject them one by one. At one time he suggested that he should at once lay what he persisted in terming his discovery before his superiors, but Miss Phybbs was decidedly opposed to that. Openly, she argued investigations somewhat further, and arrived at something more definite. Inwardly, she believed herself upon the track of a domestic scandal which, though eager to get to the bottom of, she had no wish should go beyond the family circle. And, moreover, would turn out a case with which the police had no concern, so when they eventually parted it was agreed between them that their lips should be sealed for the present.

The next day Constable Tarrant's duties called him to the head quarters of the police in the city, and while there, lounging about waiting for orders, he heard some of his superiors discussing a communication that they had received from Scotland Yard, relative to a considerable quantity of base coin, with which the Metropolis had suddenly been flooded, and of the fabrication of which they had so far failed to find the slightest clue. They described the coin as beautifully manufactured and all evidently the work of the same hands. "The constructors are passed masters of their craft and must be provided with very superior plant and machinery. There are probably two or three employed in the minting of it, but the issuing must comprehend a very extensive organisation. We need scarcely add to lay hold of the principals is of the greatest possible importance."

"I don't believe we have anyone here now on the smashing lay. At all events not such artists as these are described to be. We may have one or

two inferior ones about, but they would be in a very small way of business."

"No," rejoined one of his brother officers, thoughtfully, "I don't think such a lot as they speak of could be here without our knowing of it. Not likely but what they'd try to pass some of the stuff in a big place like this. What little bad money we've come across lately is of a very inferior manufacture, not calculated to deceive anybody who looked at it twice."

Richard Tarrant sucked all this in greedily. He had settled in his own mind that Dr. Lynden was offending against the laws, and that if Dr. Lynden was not so doing in one way he was in another was a fact fixed and incontrovertible in Dick Tarrant's head; if he was not carrying on that illegal school of anatomy then doubtless he was manufacturing bad silver by the bushel, and upon no other grounds than these did he once more decide in his own mind what was Dr. Lynden's secret occupation. But though both he and Polly kept watchful eyes upon the side door it was without result. It was a subject of much regret to Miss Phybbs that she had not been a little more punctual in keeping her appointment that afternoon, as she would then probably have caught a glimpse of that lady, and veiled though she might have been, Miss Phybbs confidently asserted that she would have known her again anywhere; but to recognise her from Dick's description was, she ruefully admitted, impossible. Yes, there is no doubt a pronounced taste in dress offers great facilities for identification. The famous Lord Brougham is said to have been constant to shepherd's plaid—a material scarce known to us in the present day—for his nether garments. There are men in London whose hats we could swear to, and confidently predict their presence in a house as we pass their head-gear on the hall table; and I can call to mind a well-known lady whose taste for bright colours was so conspicuous in her raiment, that people at Lord's and Hurlingham made appointments to meet in her vicinity, as a rendezvous, that, though movable, could be seen from afar. If only this unknown lady had but had a penchant of that description. As it was, neither Tarrant nor Polly Phybbs saw any probability of coming across the mysterious stranger unless she should again pay the Doctor a visit.

But there is something in luck, and, busy one morning in the heart of the city on some mission of Miss Lynden's, Polly could hardly withhold a cry of exultation upon catching sight of her master talking earnestly with a well-dressed woman who she had no doubt was the lady she was so anxious to catch sight of. She easily contrived to pass them, not closely, but near enough to obtain a good view of the latter's face. It was one she had never seen before.

"She may visit the master by the side door," sniffed Miss Phybbs, "but she's never come in at the front;" and her suspicions as to the respectability of the unknown became stronger than ever.

She turned back and repassed them, still contriving to keep unnoticed herself, which was all the more easy from the slow pace at which they were walking and the earnestness of their conversation. And Polly felt then that there was no fear of her not recognising the stranger in future.

A tall, well-preserved woman of forty, on a rather large scale; with an indolent grace in her movement that would have made her a striking figure in any drawing-room. She was richly but quietly dressed, and that she saw her now for the first time Miss Phybbs was certain, though she and the Doctor were apparently old acquaintances. Polly had neither time nor inclination to follow them, but remained satisfied with having succeeded in identifying the stranger. She determined on her way home to say nothing of her morning's adventure to Dick, believing that if she only got to the bottom of it, it would turn out to be a pretty scandal, which was no concern of the police.

CHAPTER X.—MRS. SEACOLE.

"It's eight o'clock, and the Crimean mail's in, and please, miss, Miss Nellie said I was to tell you that all's well," exclaimed Polly volubly, as she drew

back the curtains and threw up the blink of Miss Smerdon's room one bright May morning.

"The mail in!" cried Frances, as she bounded out of bed, plunged into her dressing-gown, and dashed off to Nell's room, to pick up such crumbs of comfort as that young sybarite might choose to drop from the snug depths of her couch; and perhaps at twenty, when thoroughly in earnest, to lie in bed and read love-letters is as entrancing an occupation as a maiden need hope for.

"Captain Byng is all safe," said Miss Lynden, "The return was all a mistake. Hugh says he had the closest possible shave of being killed and they thought at first he was so; he was stunned with a bullet, but is really only very slightly wounded, and doing well."

"Thank God," said Frances, "I almost wish now I hadn't written to him."

"Oh, Frances, Frances," rejoined Miss Lynden, laughing, "you're a little the oldest, and I used to think a good deal the wisest, but oh, my dear, you're a sad goose. Here you are in love with a man, and believe in your heart that he's in love with you, and just because he hadn't got the pluck to speak up before he left England, you regret that you've written him a very proper letter, to enquire after him on seeing that he was severely wounded. A very proper letter I dare swear it was—I shouldn't wonder if it began 'Miss Smerdon presents her compliments to Captain Byng, and begs to inquire—'"

"Stop, oh stop, you tease; it wasn't a proper letter, and that's the reason."

"Oh, never mind the reason. I know all about that. I ought to be shocked, but I'm only very glad you were a sensible girl."

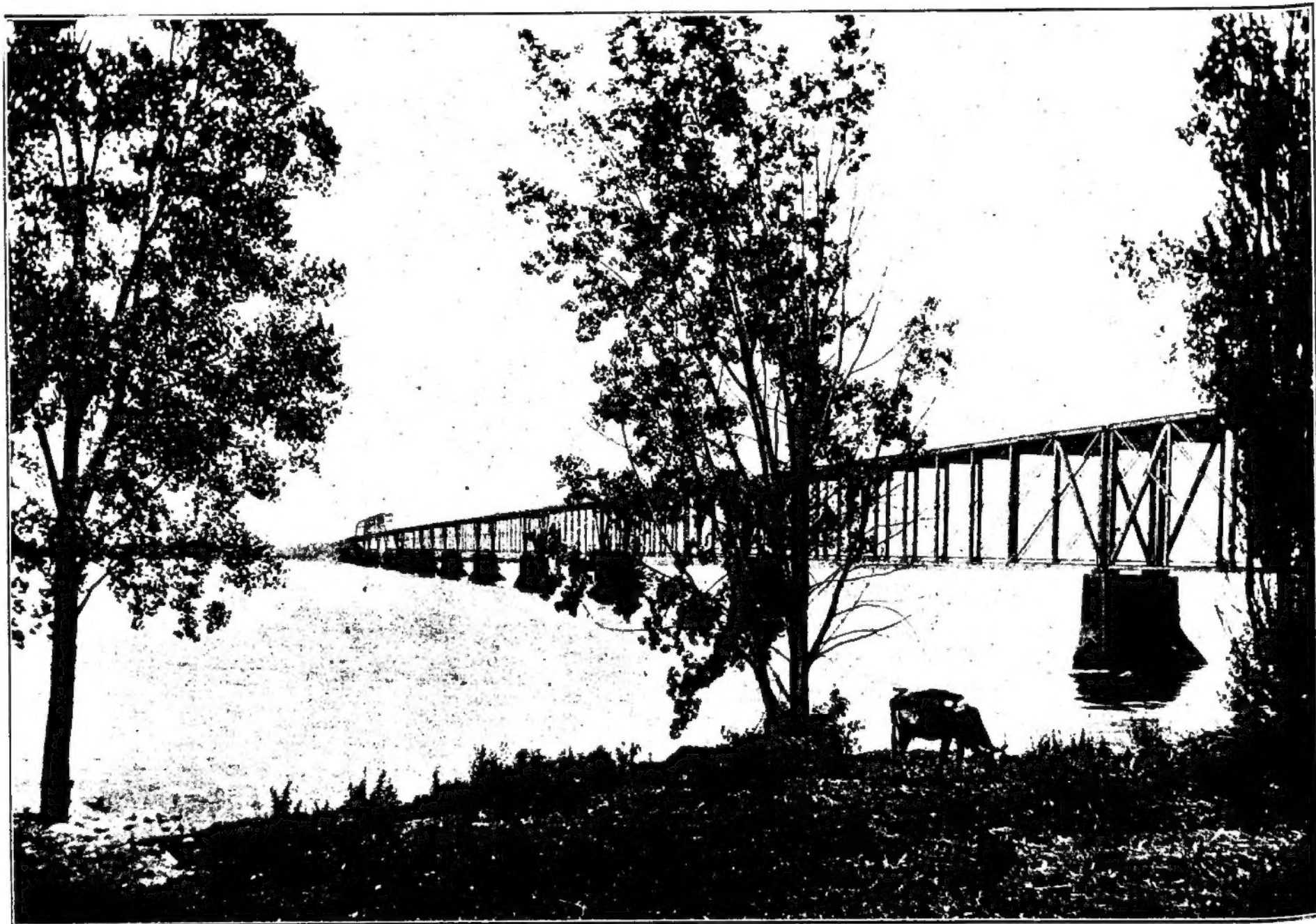
"Now tell me what Hugh says, at least as much as may reach the public ear."

"Thank Heaven he's safe; tiresome boy, he says so little about that terrible night, and I do feel so proud of him. His letter's full of nothing but dog hunting, divisional races and all that sort of thing. I'm sure to read it. The Crimea seems to be a most lovely climate, and they're all having the greatest possible fun out there. It's hard to realise from his letter that they are actually fighting and that men are being killed day and night. But now run away. I must really get up and dress. I will read you all the gossip of my letter at breakfast, at present I've hardly read it myself."

Frances Smerdon walked off to her own room echoing her friends reflections.

"Yes," she murmured, "that's just what the best of them do, when the work is serious; they make light of it and also of any grief that may come to them. There was poor Algie Barnard, at Cowbridge, last year, they said he threw the steeplechase away by his bad riding; he made no reply but fainted in the weighing-room, and then they found he had broken two ribs, and that the muscles of his right arm had been laid open in a fall he'd got on the far side of the course. Tom makes light of it, but I've very little doubt his wound is serious." And then Miss Smerdon proceeded to dress, and rack her memory in the meantime for every record in which injuries to the head had terminated fatally; and as her experiences in that way were principally connected with the hunting field, by the time she had remembered two concussions of the brain, one case of paralysis, and another of permanent affection of the spine, she had brought herself to a very low and contrite spirit with which to join the breakfast table. Could she but have seen the object of her solicitude in the course of that day, I think she would have almost grieved to think so much womanly pity had been wasted upon him.

If a Crimean winter can be as hard and disagreeable as an English one—and with the exception of one particular in the matter of fogs, it can quite match it—the country rejoices in one glorious superiority as regards climate. Winter does not linger there all through the spring and half way through the summer as it does in England, but once got done with, it breaks into genuine spring; not such a conglomeration of wet and bitter east winds as usually signalises the advent of the season with us, but bright skies, balmy breezes, and all the delights that the poets sing of—and



VIEW OF THE C. P. R. BRIDGE AT LACHINE, P. Q.

which we so rarely witness. It cannot be said that many flowers came with the spring in '55, for everything that would burn had been burnt by the army during that pitiless winter, and the poor flowers had been so ruthlessly trampled in the mire that the few which survived had a hard struggle to get their heads above the ground.

However, with the sunshine as aforesaid came great exhilaration throughout the camp; copious supplies of all sorts, and such a multiplication of stores, canteens, cafés, restaurants, etc., as to look as if the allies would be permanent colonists, with no intention of ever returning to their native countries, to which the establishment of a railway from Balaklava to the front still further contributed. About half-way between these two points on the main road, a large wooden building, half-store, half-restaurant, had been opened by a middle-aged coloured lady, who had somehow or other obtained considerable popularity amongst the military men in the West Indies. What she had done out there I don't know, but Mrs. Seacoles soon became a familiar name to the Crimean army. Horse and foot, hussars and artillery, naval officers and newspaper correspondents, all drank and dined at Mrs. Seacoles'. It was a sort of high change for gossip and stories. Men from all parts brought the news of the camp thither, as a common mart for the exchange of all such commodities. Many dinners came off in the snug room at the back of the front saloon, which was the general lounge; matter of no little diplomacy at times, these dinners, as, unless previously ordered, the procuring of a table was impossible.

Perched upon a barrel in the saloon, with a short pipe in his mouth, and bearing no sign whatever of having been severely wounded, sat Tom Byng, indulging in gayist badinage with an old friend, who was chaffing him about his late narrow escape.

"It won't do, Tom," said the hussar; "you must be ruled out of it, by all the conditions of war. You were carried away for dead, and we really can't have you coming to life again in this way. Just think of the confusion it would make out here if other people behaved as you have done! Why, we should never know where we were, or who commanded anything. Now, I'm very sorry for you, but in justice to the regiment——"

"Shut up, Lockwood!" cried Byng. "Just ask how long it's going to be before that dinner's ready; I'll show you then whether I am alive or not."

"But you're not, my good fellow; in justice to the regiment you can't be. I don't want to counsel extreme or immoral measures. There is no reason for your completing what the Russian so clumsily attempted; but you must surely see that it is your duty to withdraw yourself from the army as quietly as may be, and so allow the step to go in the regiment. Consider, my dear fellow, you were killed!"

"No more of your chaff!" replied Tom Byng. "Let's have a sherry and bitters. I don't think any of our fellows would care to get their step at my expense."

"No, old man," returned the other, as they made their way to the counter, "I'm sure they wouldn't. And nobody can be more pleased than myself that the Russian miscalculated the thickness of your head."

And now a gentleman in his shirt sleeves, called by courtesy a waiter, announced to Lockwood, the presiding genius of the feast, that dinner was ready; and the *convives*, some half dozen in number, trooped into the back room to do it justice.

"Are you going to run that big bay horse of yours, Fleming, for the Division Cup next week? If they don't make the hurdles too stiff he ought

to have a great chance," said Lockwood, the keen edge of their appetite appeased.

"Yes," replied Hugh, "he's improved a good deal in his jumping of late."

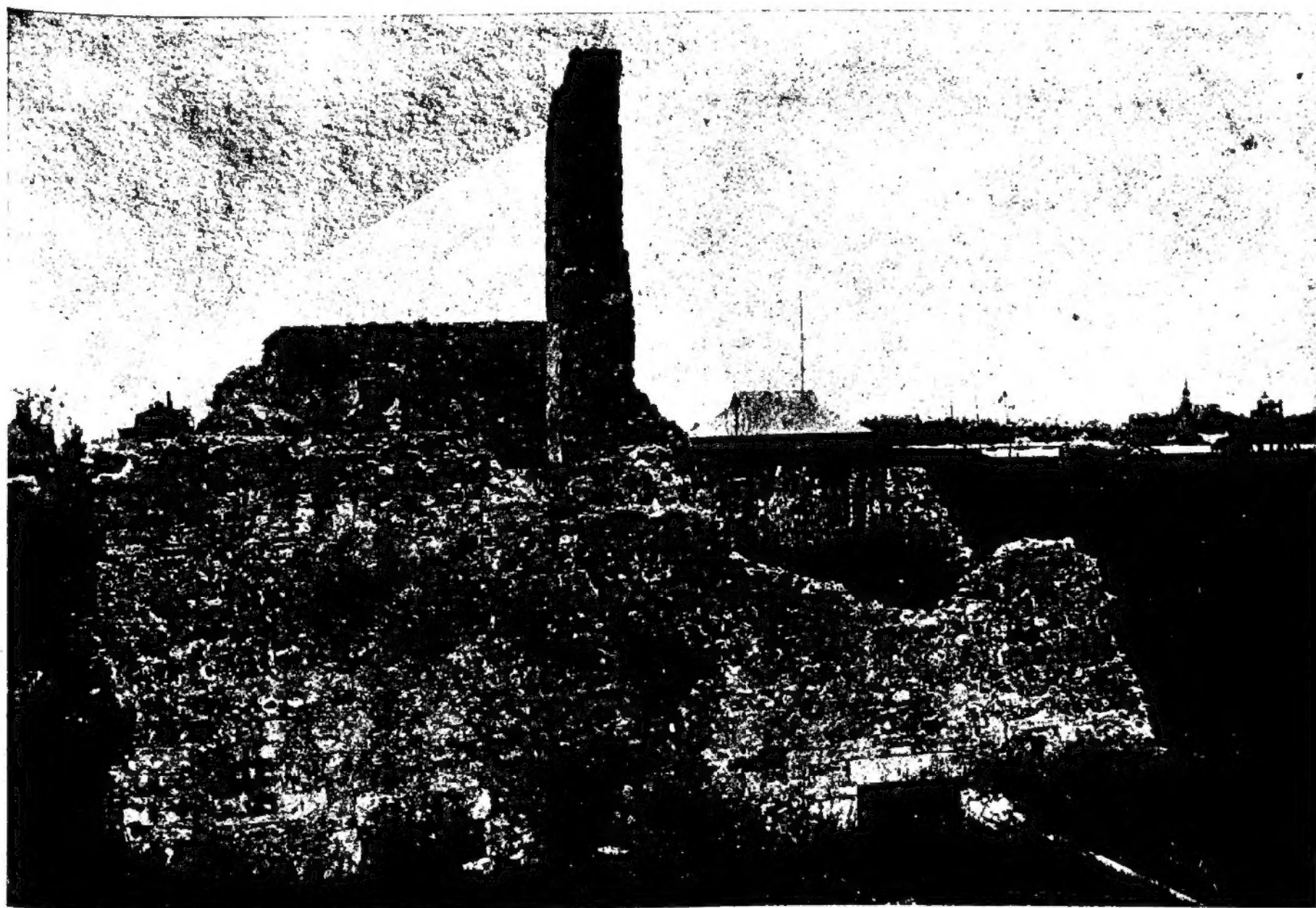
"Well, he needs to," remarked an officer of the Rifles. "I was over the course yesterday, and they've got a stone wall in it that will take some doing I can tell you. It's a good four foot and a half high, and no give about it. A real proper crumpler for those who happen to hit it hard."

"Well," rejoined Hugh, laughing, "I shall find out if the 'Bantam' can jump, anyhow."

"For your sake it's to be devoutly hoped he can," said the Rifleman. "However, the Meeting will be great fun, and we want something to wake us up a bit, this——damned trench work is getting monotonous. 'Pon my word I haven't heard a joke or a good story for the last week."

"Right you are," said Byng, gravely. "The whole thing is getting slow, deuced slow. If it wasn't for Mickey Flinn I'd have forgotten how to laugh."

"And who's Mickey Flinn?" enquired Lockwood. "A distinguished ornament of my company," said Byng, "with a very poor opinion of those who guide and direct him. We were down in the trenches the other night, and amongst the men was a young recruit only just out from England. Whether the poor fellow was a little flustered, being his first time under fire, or whether, as he said, he had strayed a little from his party and lost his way, I don't know, but Mr. Flinn took it into his sagacious head that the boy was trying to desert. Well, he got hold of a young non-commissioned officer and they made the boy a prisoner. And then came the formulating a charge against him. They could not bring him up for deserting because he obviously had not deserted, they had only caught him straying towards the town, so they



RUINS OF OLD FORT AT ST. JOHN'S, P.Q.

finally charged him before the Colonel with 'attempting to enter Sebastopol without leave.' The chief burst out laughing when he heard the charge, and exclaimed, 'Why, confound it, that's what we've all been doing ever since we came here.'

"And what did Mr. Flinn say?" enquired Lockwood.

"Oh, he was heard discoursing to his comrades the whole afternoon on the subject, saying, 'It's without leave, mind you, makes the difference.' He is evidently firmly imbued that, 'If they'd only per-mission he and a few of his pals would be inside Sebastopol in no time.'

"I know the sort," said the Hussar; "there's no end to the fellow's jaw, but he'll fight as long as he'll jaw, and ask for no better diversion." But you're wrong about the siege; you fellows that half live in the trenches can't see it, but to men like myself who only have a look round occasionally, it's palpable how close we're creeping in. It can't be long now, at all events, before you have a shy at the town."

Lockwood was right in his prognostication, but what he did not dream of was that the desperate assault, when delivered, should result in failure, and that in less than three hours both French and English would have been driven back, and nothing left them but to bury their dead,—nearly three months more destined to elapse before the famous siege was brought to an end.

However, the dinner came to an end, the bill was paid, and horses and ponies called for, and then swinging themselves into the saddle the majority of the party rode off in the bright moonlight across the plateau, to their respective lines. Before reaching their own camp, Byng and Hugh Fleming had bid good night to their companions. Hugh's servant rose from a seat outside his master's tent as they approached, and as he took the pony from him, said:

"The mail's in from England, sir. I've put your letters in your tent."

"Good night," said Byng, as he also dismounted, and strode away to his own dwelling, envying Hugh the letter he knew he would surely find awaiting him, and feeling utterly indifferent towards his own correspondence. Yet he was fond of his own people too, but he had no need to feel anxious about them; and like most men in those days, hardly realized the uneasiness and nervous solicitude of the women at home—mothers and sisters filled with considerably more anxiety for sons and brothers than they deserved.

There were three letters on the table, the super-scriptions of two of which were quite familiar to him; but the third was in an unknown hand, and that unmistakably a feminine one. Tom gazed at it curiously, with an indistinct idea that he had seen the hand before, although he could not recognize it. He opened it, and then sat down on his bed to read it by the light of his solitary candle.

"Dear Captain Byng," it ran, "We are dreadfully concerned to see by the papers that you are dangerously wounded. It is terrible to think that those we have known and" [here the word "loved" had been palpably erased] "and liked should be in such constant peril. You can't think how I feel for poor Nellie Lynden—it must be so awful for her to think that her lover is in the midst of all these dreadful scenes. I am sure she must shudder every time she opens a paper for fear of coming across Hugh Fleming's name in it." ("Hum!" muttered Byng savagely. "Considering the pleasant things she said about Hugh and the rest of us, I suppose she's disappointed to find we're in the thick of it at last.")

"I am staying with her now, and she bears up beautifully. And now, dear Captain Byng, you must find time to write me a line about yourself. I only know what the papers tell me, and that is that you are dangerously hurt, and that's quite bad enough news for your friends and relations, for all those who really care for you. We shall all be so very anxious to hear how you are going

on. I shall never believe that you are in a fair way to recovery till I get a line from yourself. Let it be ever such a scrap, I shall feel miserable, that is, mamma and I will feel miserable, until we learn from your own hand that you are getting well again. With much love and sympathy from us both, and hoping to hear from you soon, believe me, dear Captain Byng,

"Ever sincerely yours, FRANCES SMERDON."

There is a slang phrase in the present day that so exactly describes the effect that letter had on Tom Byng, that I cannot refrain from using it. It made him "sit up." The letter fell from his hand as he finished it, and he started bolt-upright from his crouching attitude, and wondered what it all meant. Surely a girl could hardly write a letter like that to a man she disliked. It was very odd, and after thinking it over for some minutes Tom felt so utterly bewildered at this unexpected epistle that he felt it necessary to fill a pipe and smoke and muse over it.

He read the letter over three or four times, and finally came to the conclusion that the ways of women were past all understanding, and that he must see if he could pump Hugh Fleming on the subject a bit to-morrow. Poor Tom, if he had been making a match three miles across country, the chances are he'd have contrived to get seven pounds the best of it; then was he likely to throw away a point of odds on the race course, nor trump his partner's thirteenth at the whist table, but when it came to the opposite sex he was but wax in their hands. One of those men who, though not particularly impressionable, find it so difficult to say "no" to a woman's request. Frances Smerdon has nobody to blame but herself for the present state of affairs between them. Despite his quixotic resolutions she could have made him speak on; she had listed before he sailed, and she knew it.

(To be Continued.)



A Pretty Morning Dress—Paper Baskets—The Hair—Cutting the Hair—To Clean Silk.

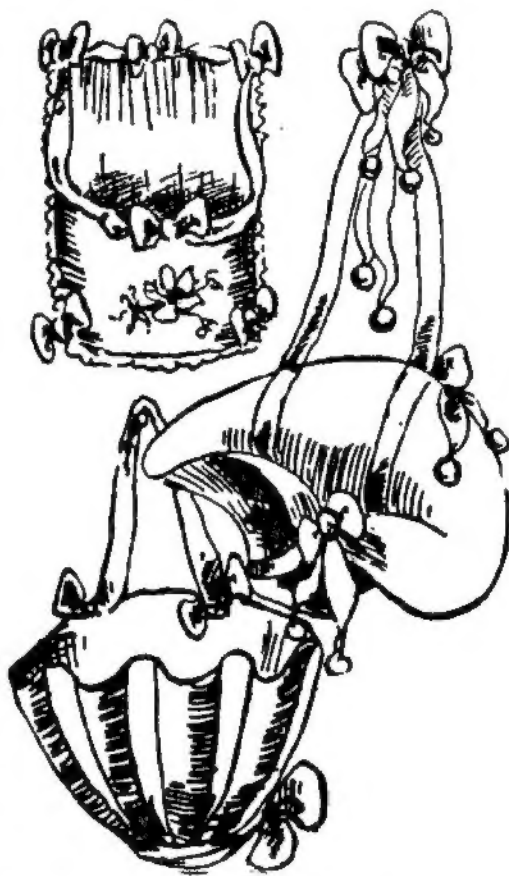
A pretty morning dress in which to go out at the sea-side or any country place is well to have amongst other possessions. White flannel and other white woollen materials are much in favour amongst French ladies, and they are variously made. I give you a sketch of one which is a perfectly sim-



ple, plain way of making up the material. Our English style is arranged more in tailor-made fashion, worn with a blue navy serge yachting jacket. This picture, however, is one of the simplest types of French gowns. Jacket bodices are still worn, and in a variety of designs, but for every day home wear in the country a woollen fabric is quite the most useful. As to coming colours, I hear that they will be quite those of Nature's autumn pictures. We shall follow every variety and shade of brown mixed with dainty flecks of pink or rose. So you who have dresses in russet, tan, coffee, bronze, chestnut or cigar brown beige, and buff, as well as the more pinky shades, such as chocolate and heliotrope browns, may take heart of grace, as your costumes will be quite fashionable for the coming autumn. Of all browns commend me to the dark shades such as *loutre* (seal brown) and deep rich chestnut. Another colour in certain varieties is "dahlia," that glorious crimson purple than which there is nothing richer nor more "comfortable" looking—for certainly colours do give one an impression of comfort or discomfort. Do you not think so? Could you, for instance, ever feel consoled, or a sensation of pleasure, in looking at the

"greenery gallery" of a mustard yellow?—or a greyish red? I like soft shades as well as decided primary colours, but muddy, dirty ones are to me quite uncomfortable.

Paper baskets are very useful things, but they do sometimes get in the way, and get kicked over; and unless one has a basket very near to one, it does not do, as school-boys say, to "take shots" at it, for it is perfectly certain the paper gets scattered about in transit, and it is ten to one that one misses it. So I give you the designs of three different paper receptacles, which may be hung by their ribbons to the escritoire or writing-table at which one is sitting. I do not wish these to be confounded with those aimless-looking pockets that are to be seen at the sides of lodging-house fire-places, which are generally capable of holding nothing. These are really able to contain scraps of paper, though of course that all depends on the size they are made. The first is a card basket, covered



with Java canvas—or velvet, if preferred—on which a monogram or any design is worked—a flower or arabesque, according to your own taste. It may be bordered with a straw fancy edging if covered with canvas, or gold lace if of velvet. The lining should be of fluted silk, and finished off with bows of ribbons to match the embroidery. The second one is easily made, for you have only to buy one of the cheap sixpenny Zulu hats, and trim it with yellow ribbons (or any other colour you like) tipping each end with a yellow or crimson pompon. The third and last may be made of cardboard, or of straw; if of the former, it would look well covered with brocade, in velvet, or satin, and lined with a contrasting hued silk. If made of straw it only requires a lining, and dainty bows with ribbons to hang it up by. The special advantage of these is that not being elaborate, they can be easily manufactured at home.

The hair is a subject upon which I receive so many letters from anxious enquirers that I am tempted to give it a special place in my letter this week. The majority of my correspondents suffer much from falling of the hair, which they attribute to some fault in the hair itself that can be cured by local treatment immediately. Now I frankly tell you that I am no hair doctor, I am not a hair dresser, indeed I go still further, and candidly admit that I am not even a barber! But I am very fond of finding out the whys and wherefores of things, and if I notice that one remedy is better than another I like to give you the benefit. To go very literally to the root of the matter—in this case, the hair—I need hardly remind you that it is a delicate little bulb that is entirely dependent for its nourishment on the skin in which it grows. If that skin is in a healthy state, it is soft and—well I can use no other word than—loose. There is then sufficient fleshy fatness to nourish the hair bulbs that grow on it. If, however, as often on the head, the skin is tight, and drawn close to the skull, you can understand that the poor little hair plants have no depth of soil, so to speak, in which to grow, and that the land is barren of the nourishing matter that they live upon. This you will see at once must depend upon the person's health, and does not come from outside. If the general health is weak, the whole system sympathises, and is relaxed, the roots of the hair being one of the first things to show the general languor. In fact the skin has not the strength to hold them, and like a fading

plant you can easily pull them out, or indeed, they come out with the passing of a brush through them. Therefore, you will, when first noticing the fall of your hair, see that your health is quite in good order, for if you are conscious of any lassitude which is often occasioned by the spring and autumn seasons of the year, you will know that the cause is inward instead of outward of the loss of your hair. This is why you may locally strengthen the roots of the hair. I always advise my kind correspondents to follow it up with iron as a tonic, taken in any one of the many forms that will suit them—I say this advisedly, as there are few things in which "what is one man's meat, is another man's poison," is more true than in taking iron. If you find the scalp or skin of the head very tight, it is well to manipulate it by laying the hand on it and moving it up and down, at least once a day. Coarse hair is generally strong growing, and will bear what is called "a good brushing," but fine very soft hair is generally the sign of a poor or rather weak constitution, which does not grow such strong hair plants as those that have coarse hair. Hard brushing is fatal to this kind of hair, which should be tenderly dealt with. Some most estimable people will scratch away at their unfortunate heads with a hard brush, or still worse that terrible abomination of our ancestors, the tooth comb, because they say they have dandruff, whilst all the time this is the very way to worry the skin, and set up an irritation that produces the very evil they wish to avoid. Let them try scratching and brushing any other part of the skin in the same manner, and see what the result will be, and then they will have a good notion of how their scalp is treated. Keep your head clean by occasional washing, and, if the head is very dry and hot, which is often the result of a disordered stomach or much brain work, attend first to your health, and supplement it by using tincture of Cantharides mixed with a third of its quantity of Spirits of Wine or Rosemary. As I have told many of my correspondents, rub this into the roots of the hair at night, two or three times a week. If it leaves the skin of the head too dry, add several drops of Rowland's Yellow Maccassar Oil, and with a paint brush rub in altogether. As to cutting the hair, this is not necessary so much after the age of thirty, unless the ends of the hair split. All girls whose mothers wish them to have fine heads of hair when they are grown up, should have their hair cut short—not longer than on a level with the chin, till they are fifteen years of age. If it is then allowed to grow with an occasional clipping at the ends if they split, a finer head of hair will be the result than if, as a child, it is allowed to grow at its own sweet will. There is a great art in cutting hair, and it is by no means every hairdresser who can be persuaded to do so, because it gives more trouble than the usual way. Besides the ends of the long hair, the short hairs of the head should be brushed up, and all religiously cut, or tipped. Thus, if cutting strengthens the hair, all becomes equally strengthened.

To clean silk is a very necessary thing to know, and many are the recipes advised. Black silk is improved by lightly sponging with ammonia or beer. But if those remedies are inefficient, the following may be found useful. Put into a bottle six ounces of honey, four of soft soap, and a pint of brandy; shake it well. With a hard brush rub both sides of your silk with the mixture. Then rinse it in two or three waters, rain-water preferred; but do not wring it. Fold it carefully in a sheet, and iron it before quite dry.

ST. LOUIS NOT A LITERARY CENTRE.—"This is a strange old city in a literary way," said a St. Louis man. "It has only a few book stores, whose proprietors I contemplate more in the light of patriots than as practical men expecting profits from sales. Very few St. Louisians buy books. They wait for the cheap editions to reach the public libraries and then make a rush for them. And the libraries of some of our homes are frightful to contemplate. Think of a library without a dictionary or an encyclopedia in it. The average St. Louis library is made up in this order: First, a complete set of Dickens' works; second, a complete set of Thackeray's works; third, Motley's History of the Dutch Republic; fourth, Prescott's history; fifth, Byron in several kinds of fancy binding and gilt edges; sixth, Shakespeare in ditto; seventh, Moore and Scott, ditto. Here the list practically ends, and all the rest can be classed as unknowable miscellany, odds and ends of old trash brought down from generations or received as holiday presents. And the worst of it is, the prime object of a library appears to be the ability to say we have one, for I have noticed that most of our people who have these adornments lock them up and borrow Southworth and Braeme from the public libraries. Yet we are all critics!"—*St. Louis Republic*.



ON DUFFERIN LAKE, NEAR ORANGEVILLE, ONT.
(Mr. E. Havelock Walsh, Toronto Amateur Photo. Association)

IN THE "RARE OLD USED-TO-BE."



suppose there comes a time in the life of every boy when he feels as though the restraints of home have become unbearable, and that nothing can fill the longing of his heart save running away and plunging his grief-stricken parents into a torrent of unfeigned sorrow.

Such an incident happened to the writer once, in the halcyon days of youth, when he wore a glad smile and a freckled straw hat through the sunny days of drowsy summer. (This, I will remark *en passant*, did not, by any means, complete harmony of the household. A reluctance had been expressed in regard to coaxing a dull-toothed saw through a birchen knot, or in regard to taking the family cow gently by the hand and showing to her mind where grew the toothsome grass greenest, or something of like import, and the writer and a younger brother concluded that the house was entirely too cramped for our soaring ambition.

We therefore resolved to crush our parents with a new born woe, and strike out for ourselves. The intention at first was to go to Italy and write from there apprising the folks that we were alive, but not satisfying them with our address. But my brother objected to this part of the programme. He said he knew he would be just as sea-sick as could be, going to Italy. He had studied our "jography" and had ascertained that the proposed trip involved a certain amount of water. He wanted to go out west to the Black Hill mines and come home some day with a red shirt and tall whiskers, and all his pockets just fairly aching with their weight of the evanescent fruit of the gold mine. Finally I suggested counting the firm's assets before we came to a decision. Will had two penny-tokens, a piece of E

fiddle-string, six marbles ("stonies"), a jack-knife afflicted with spinal trouble, a rabbit's paw, and a cedar whistle, fashioned by the hand of an unskilled artisan.

My resources comprised four shingle-nails, a candy horse that had lost its head under strong excitement, a 3-cent coin, and a shaving-ticket, burglariously extracted from an elder brother's dressing-table. Italy and the golden West then assumed an abnormally distant and reserved aspect, and we finally compromised by taking a journey to the barn adjoining the house, from which we could look out and study the tear-stained cheeks of the afflicted family. We left the house at 6.30 a.m., and arrived at our destination at about 6.33 a.m. of the same day, without any mishap or incident worthy of note.

In the upper part of the barn was a sliding-door, into the middle of which had been placed a small pane of glass, and it was here that we stationed ourselves.

No sign of life was visible until about 7 o'clock, when the servant girl came out looking for kindling-wood and merrily trilling a roundelay taken from the Irish with great loss of life. Then about 8.15 the paternal ancestor came out into the door-yard, calmly picking his teeth. If his heart smote him at the loss of his sunny-haired offspring, he certainly concealed it most admirably.

Things passed along smoothly till noon, when the family had dinner and came out and sat down on, and near, the door-step and discussed the weather and other matters—little recking, in their heartlessness, that the roof-tree had been deserted by their children.

The same wanton callousness was exhibited at supper-time, and the two eager watchers marvelled greatly that it should be given to mortals to so easily curb the corroding

anguish and smile outwardly when probably the chords of their hearts were cruelly rent.

About nine o'clock in the evening, when night had fallen, the younger of the two broke the oppressive silence as follows: "Say, them brothers an' sisters an' father an' mother o' ourn don't care wot becomes of us, do they?"

Then I spoke up out of the gloom: "Well, their fortitude under suffering is remarkable—but, say, home had no charms for me. Did it for you?"

"Naw, not a blame' charm. Say, I wouldn't go back, would you?"

"Go back? Well, I guess not. I never knew what life was before. No father to say go an' drive that old cow to pascher; no mother to send a feller after cream o' tartar er extrack o' v'niller. Go back—nothin'!"

Then all was still for half an hour, when I said: "Say, Will, you know that tin whistle o' mine? Well, I forgot all about it. You wait here a minute an' I'll go an' sneak in an' get it."

"Yes," said he, "but I guess I'll go, too, an' git a clean handkercher. This one seems dirty."

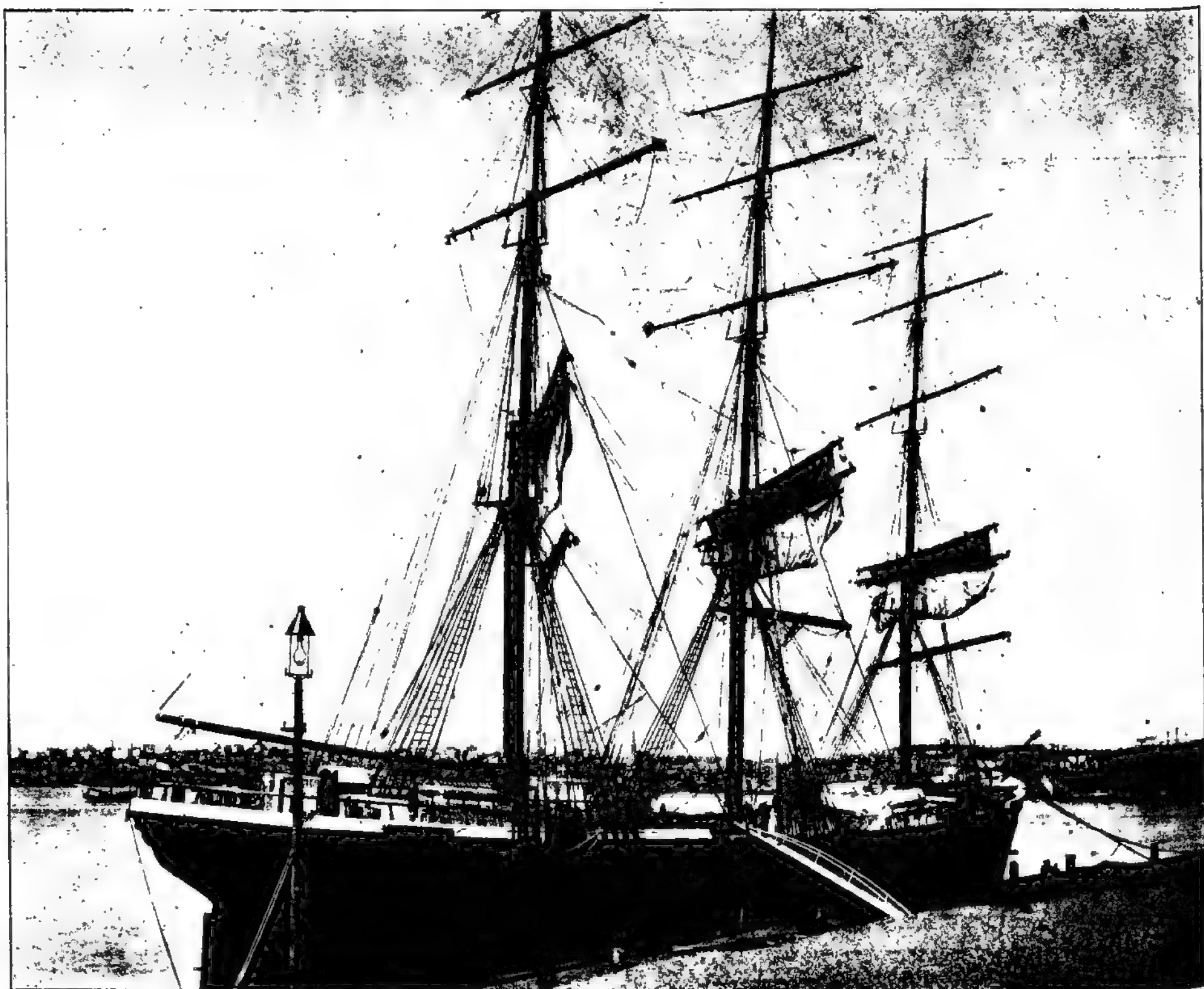
"Oh, oh! Afraid to stay alone! I'm coming right back."

"Well, I don't care. I'm goin' with you," and as the moon momentarily emerged from the shade of Wilkins' woodshed, it lit up the anxious features and classic outlines of two tender olive-branches climbing to rest in their bed. The next morning we took our places as usual at the breakfast table, and were met by no embarrassing queries, and everything passed off as though nothing had happened, although at times I fancied I could detect the musical titter of some of the members of the household. By dint of carrying water and wood for the servant girl we ascertained that our parents, by some means, became acquainted with our intention to forsake home and kindred, and had concluded to wait until hunger claimed us for its own, when the family circle would once more be united.

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.



ON THE STOCKS AT KINGSPORT, N.S.



AT THE WHARF, ST. JOHN, N.B.
THE GREAT SHIP "CANADA."—(See next page.)

Gossip from Nova Scotia



SEE that our hopes for a good season's catch of fish still continue to be realized. At Portuguese Cove, one day last week, a big school of herring struck in, and the fishermen expected to take 500 barrels from the nets, at which they were then working. The mackerel catch also promises to be a large one, and the "toilers of the sea" are very sanguine and contented. A delegation of English tenant farmers is to visit Nova Scotia this month to report

upon its agricultural resources and capabilities. From among a great many eligible names sent in to the High Commissioner of Canada, as applicants for the position, two were at last selected to fill the requirements of the delegation. The names of the two chosen ones were Thomas Davey, of Blere Manor Farm, Carrington, near Bridgewater, and John McQueen, of Oakwood, Selkirk, Scotland. As little is known in England about the opportunities offered by the Maritime Provinces to old country emigrants their report is looked for with much interest.

Nova Scotia seems to be looking up in the matter of industrial enterprise. At Kingston, in King's County, S. S. Forrest & Co., the well-known lobster men of Halifax, have started a canning factory, which promises very well. The company have shown their good sense in placing their well-equipped establishment in the very heart of the fruitful Annapolis valley. Besides the canning of blueberries, tomatoes, beans, peas, apples and corn, the condensing of milk, cocoa and coffee will be a large feature of the business. The factory already handles 4,000 quarts of milk a day, chiefly supplied by the neighbouring farmers. The buildings, machinery and articles employed for the work are of the first quality. We wish the firm every success in their new venture. There will be an excellent market for the factory's productions should it be confined to our own province. We will always patronize our own industries, especially when purity of material, carefulness of preparation, and a cheaper article are among the inducements offered to us.

If ever a disgraceful and ruffianly act escaped legal punishment, only too well merited by a cowardly and unmanly quibble, it was when young Staples, the libertine and hypocritical seducer, escaped the penitentiary. Committed under the guise of religion and friendship, while partaking of the hospitality of the man whose home he wilfully desecrated, the deed of this hardened young criminal has all the hideousness of a plot from the mind of Zola. When Judge Morse dismissed the case and informed the defendant that only because of the inability of the Crown to prove him to be of the age of twenty-one years he would be allowed to go free, his Honour took the opportunity to administer a stinging word of castigation, which, it is hoped, may ring in the ears and mind of the offender for many years to come. In Amherst, where the event occurred, the honest and healthy-minded inhabitants are justly indignant at this outrage to society and public morals.

The Nova Scotians are now somewhat exercised over Mr. Elson's disparaging remarks on our lovely country. We feel sure that the musical critic of the Boston *Advertiser* must have been suffering from a disappointment in love, or a severe attack of indigestion, or he would not have seen things through such smoky and disfiguring spectacles. "Halifax needs papering and painting and general renovation," contains perhaps some elements of truth, and we can quite appreciate the fact that Cape Breton, especially in damp weather, leaves something to be desired, but why the sweet old Indian names—Merrigomish, Baddeck, Whycomagh and Antigonish—should call for his censure, or the difference of one hour in the railways and local time try his arithmetical powers, we fail to see. We wish Mr. Louis C.

Elson a happier state of health and mind before he next visits our charming little Nova Scotia.

Mr. Elson's slighting remarks brought to my mind some very good stories which have been told me with regard to the ignorance of outsiders on the subject of the resources and industries of Canada. (One of these will serve as an illustration.)

A young man had been commissioned by a gentleman of Toronto to choose two pianos, of a particular make, for him in London, England. Afraid to trust to his unaided judgment in the matter he invited a lady friend to assist him in selecting an instrument of good quality and tone. The young lady cheerfully accorded her consent, thinking that the gentleman wished to purchase the pianos for his own use.

After carefully selecting the instruments: "Are the pianos for yourself and family?" she asked, "or is one for a friend?"

"Oh, I am choosing these to send out to Canada," said the purchaser of the pianos.

"What!" exclaimed the young lady, lifting her eye brows till they almost touched the roots of her hair, "do the natives play?" Log huts and cannibals were evidently all this insular young demoiselle associated in her mind with the word Canada.

In our Halifax paper, *The Evening Mail*, I notice some excellent little distichs which remind me of those in the *Week* of Toronto, some months ago. Here are one or two of them:

"The Pilgrim Fathers fell upon their saintly knees,
Then rose and fell upon the Aborigines."

Closing his eyes, the poor Agnostic, he
Believes in nothing that he cannot see.

Jews! Moslems! Christians! bond or free, he sure
The Church is purest when the Church is poor.

We sincerely trust that Bishop Perry, of Iowa, will be able to clear himself of the grave charges that are being brought against him. We are specially interested in Bishop Perry, as having been the choice of the Synod as a successor to Bishop Binney to the Episcopal chair in Nova Scotia. If the accusation be true, it is a case of the most flagrant and unconscionable plagiarism ever known, but till we hear the Bishop's side of the story we are well pleased to doubt the guilt of the clever and learned gentleman whose charming personality has so lately impressed itself upon us. It is well known that the accusers of Bishop Perry came from the ranks of the friends of the Bishop-elect, Dr. Philips Brooks, whose appointment to the see of Massachusetts has been opposed by Bishop Perry.

Do any of my lady friends remember my few words on health culture and dress reform in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of some few months ago? I see that our American sisters are making a decided effort to bring into practical use the theories that have been, to all intents and purposes, merely theories for many years. The meeting of the general officers of the National Council of Women was held at Chautauqua, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker being the principal speaker and the chief of the committee. Among the other members we notice the names of Margaret Sangster, Miss Grace Dodge and Elizabeth S. Phelps. Bands and bustles, corsets and high heels, garters and dragging skirts are to be forever excluded from the feminine toilet. We cry: "Success to the movement!" On the first wet day in October a large number of ladies are to appear on the streets of Boston attired in common-sense raiment that will not bring cold and weariness, mud and influenza to the happy wearers. The skirt is to reach not quite to the ankles, and to be supplemented by leather gaiters and impregnable boots. Courage! my sisters; the Kodak will be there, rest assured, but we trust that the noble army of apostles will render the picture an ordinary one, and shame the rest of your sex into emulation of your noble example!

MR. SPURGEON'S PULPIT EYE.—On one occasion, Mr. Spurgeon, in the midst of his sermon, turned to the deacons, who occupied seats immediately behind him, and without appreciably interrupting the course of his sermon, said, in a low voice, "Pickpocket, Mrs. So and So's pew," and resumed the thread of his discourse. Two deacons left their seats, and, passing out by the stairs behind, re-entered the Tabernacle on the area floor from opposite, one of them bringing with him the policeman stationed at the doors. They met in the aisle by the pew indicated, and the pickpocket was taken out, most people supposing it was merely a case of fainting.

The Great Ship "Canada."

Though the palmy days of wooden ships are past and the great host of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ship yards have dwindled down to a comparatively small number, yet it must not be supposed that this is no longer an important industry. In point of fact there has been during the last four or five years a very considerable revival in those provinces, as the blue books prove. But the most of the vessels built to-day are of smaller tonnage than those of the old days, the majority being schooners suited to the coastwise and West India trade. Occasionally, however, a big ship is launched; and there is one Nova Scotia builder who still believes in big wooden ships and puts his faith into the practical shape of monster keel and towering mast. That man is Mr. C. R. Burgess, of Kingsport, N.S., who last year launched the "Kings County," and this year the "Canada," the latter being the largest ship with one exception ever built in Canada. We present elsewhere two views of the "Canada," one from a photograph taken while she lay on the stocks at Kingsport, and the other while she lay at the Custom House wharf, St. John, N.B., where she came to be fitted for sea and receive her first cargo. The "Kings County" was fitted out and loaded at St. John last year, and when the monster ship (only smaller than the "Canada" by 275 tons) gave her sails to the breeze for the first time and went sweeping down the harbour and out into the bay there were crowds on the wharves to witness the beautiful sight.

The "Canada's" dimensions are: Length, 275 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet; depth of hold, 27 feet. Her gross tonnage is 2,315. It is stated that she cost \$111,000. She was launched at Kingsport on July 7th, in the presence of five thousand people, who came from the adjoining counties to witness the event. For a ship launch, in Nova Scotia, is always an event of importance; and indeed it is a thrilling and beautiful sight to see the first shiver of life and then the gradually quickening motion as the vessel glides down the ways to ride in graceful pride upon the bosom of the waters. A steam tug took the "Canada" to St. John. Her cabins and other rooms are handsomely finished. The captain's room is finished in walnut, ash and rosewood. The other rooms are finished in white ash, pitch pine, etc. A large and convenient office is on the port side, just off the dining room, while just off this is situated a bath-room. Off the pantry there is a bread room which attracts considerable attention; it is lined with tin in order that the bread may be thoroughly preserved, and is calculated to hold an immense quantity of that commodity. She carries eighteen men and four boys, beside the officers. Her first cargo is of deals and she sailed September 1st for Liverpool.

The St. John *Sun* of Wednesday, the 2nd inst., says: "Hundreds of people assembled at the Corporation pier yesterday morning to see the big ship Canada take her departure for Liverpool. She takes 1,580,500 feet of deals and battens, 31,154 feet of scantling, 104,155 feet of ends, and 162,701 feet of boards. The value of her cargo is in the vicinity of \$144,109. The tug Storm King towed the ship down as far as Musquash."

What is claimed to be the largest wooden ship ever built in Canada was named the "Wm. D. Lawrence," and the following will show her relation in size to the "Canada." The "Wm. D. Lawrence" was built at Windsor, N.S., in 1874. Her net tonnage is 2,493 tons; the "Canada's" gross tonnage is 2,315. The "Lawrence" is 259 feet long; the "Canada" 275 feet. The breadth of beam of the "Lawrence" is 47 feet 8 inches, that of the "Canada" 45 feet. The depth of hold of the "Lawrence" is 27 feet 4 inches, that of the "Canada" 27 feet. The "Wm. D. Lawrence" is now sailing under the Norwegian flag, and is called the "Kommandor Svend Foyn." She arrived at Quebec from Liverpool during August.

The Moncton *Times* recently quoted the following figures regarding the ship building industry of the province of Nova Scotia:

"In 1887 Nova Scotia built 87 vessels, 12,300 tons.

"In 1888 Nova Scotia built 116 vessels, 12,900 tons.

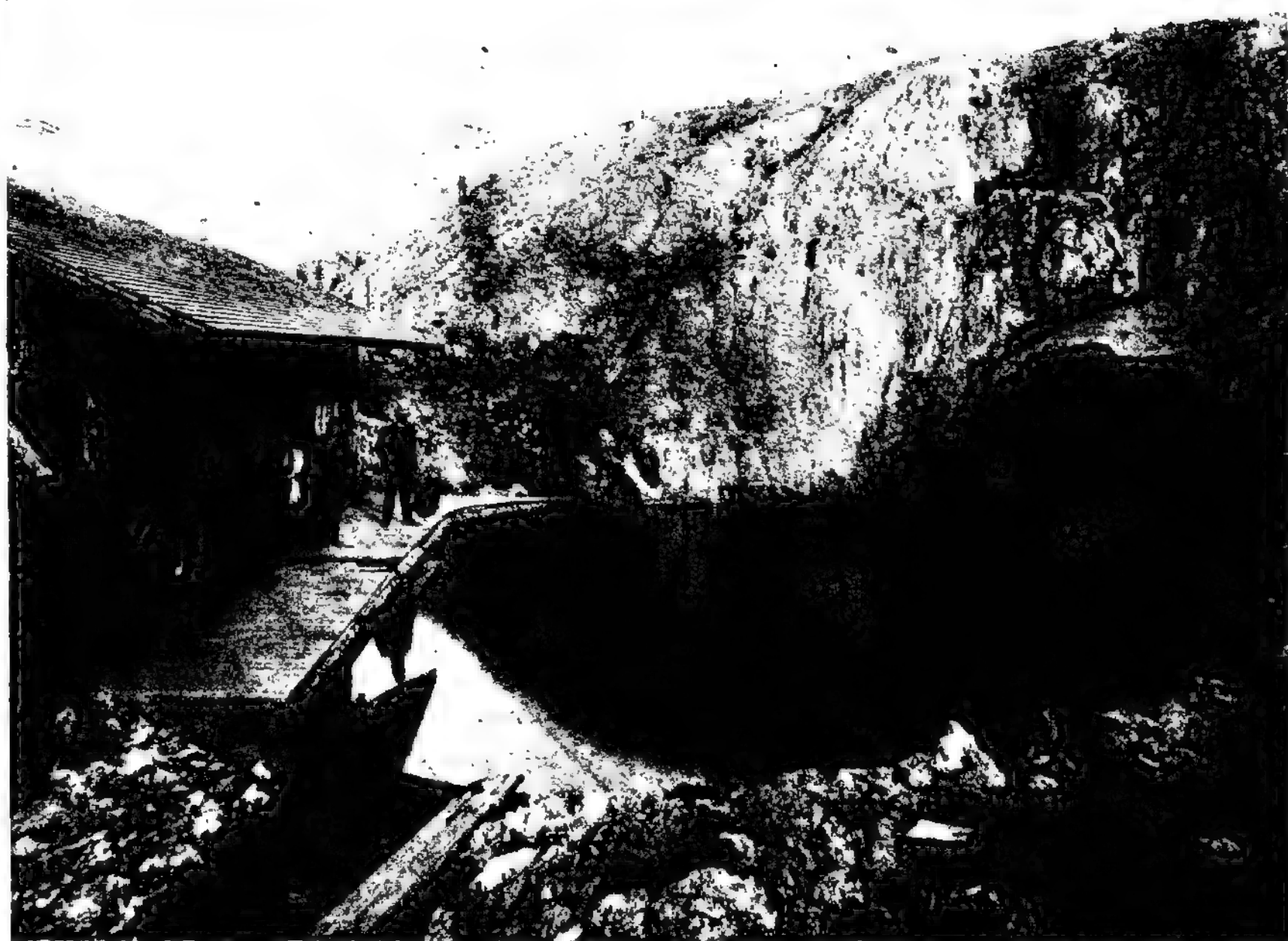
"In 1889 Nova Scotia built 106 vessels, 16,645 tons.

"In 1890 Nova Scotia built 148 vessels, 32,746 tons.

"Some of the vessels lately turned out of Nova Scotia yards are among the largest and finest wooden ships afloat."

WIFE: "What does it mean in this paper when it says that the young German Emperor expects a call to arms?"

HUSBAND: "Call to arms! I suppose it means that he expects his wife to say, 'Wilhelm, take the baby.'"



THE POOL HOT SPRINGS, BANFF.
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

The Hot Springs of the Canadian North-West.



OUR visit to Japan, that land of solfataras and highly temperatured, highly mineralised springs, where every one, down to the very poorest coolie, takes the baths for every complaint under the sun, makes us prick up our ears whenever we hear the word "Springs." So on our journey across Canada's Transcontinental, we determined to stop off again at Banff and to make the acquaintance of Harrison.

Banff is a very favoured locality. Everyone has heard and read and probably dreamed many a time of the Rocky mountains—the Switzerland of American romance. Here they have the opportunity of visiting them in a hotel of the Monterey calibre, situated within a mile and a half of the railway station on the transcontinental line, where a person can stop off as long as he chooses without forfeiting his railway ticket or his Pullman ticket as he goes to San Francisco (changing at the Mission station) or Japan. As I write these lines, the last connecting rails between it and San Francisco are about completed, and San Francisco folks will be enabled to see for themselves whether my judgment of the Springs and the scenery is a sound one—without risking the discomforts of a steamer, which for invalids has special terrors.

Banff is situated in a gap of the Rockies; it stands, it is true, over four thousand feet from sea level, but then the Cascade mountains tower five or six thousand feet above it, and the Peak mountain, the Sulphur mountain and the Sentinel are hardly inferior. Ringed though it is with mountains, the valley is as level as a billiard board, and through it winding like a serpent, of the same exquisite turquoise blue as the Limmat when it leaves the Zurich See or the Lake of Zug, flows the deep, wilful Bow river tearing in one place through ridges of rock with a mighty cataract that approaches a waterfall in altitude and just below rolling floods of fabulous depth like the mighty Fraser.

A mile from the Falls a couple (one young male and one young female, will be found best) that can handle a canoe, pass up a clear creek—now grating shallow, now deep, glassy pool with a white sand bottom, almost untenanted by fish, into a most fascinating little slew, through which nothing but a birch bark canoe can thread its way amid the tall overhanging tufts of hay grass and fireweed and golden rod. Around it winds and loses itself among reeds. A startled white-tailed eagle soars, some ducks whirr away and the tete-a-teters find themselves among the red sedges of the Vermillion Lakes with a diadem in tiers of tall reeds and dark pines, foothills and distant faint blue mountains.

The train from the west arrives at half-past ten at night, and the train from the east at a quarter to seven in the morning, so naturally the first thing one thinks of on one's arrival is hotels. There are hotels to suit all persons, from a dollar a day to three and a half. First, of course, comes the great C.P.R. hotel, whose appearance is familiar to every one from the famous view taken by Notman, of Montreal, with the Peak Mountain and the Bow Valley in the background. Very picturesque it is with its chalet styled architecture half way between a Tudor Hall and a Swiss Chalet; it might almost be described as a Tudor Chalet in wood, so full of gables and terraces and tall chimneys is it. Inside of course it presents great attractions to the traveller, with its hundred or two of guests, its great hall with three or four tiers of galleries and baronial fire-place, and its luxurious drawing-room; it is just as palatial as a Monterey or Saratoga hotel—while it is right away up in the forest scenery of the Rocky Mountains.

The Sanitorium is a hotel for a different class of purses; and its virtues are proved by its being full all the year round; it is very handy to the town, just at the end of the bridge, it has excellent sulphur baths and an excellent resident physician, the Hon. Dr. Brett, whose ability is evidenced by his being speaker of the N.W.T. Assembly; and as the C.P.R. Hotel has its Bow Valley and Peak Mountain view, the Sanitorium looks full in the face of the sublime Cascade Mountain which raises its stormy peak to heaven 10,000 feet high, and commands a perfectly charming view of the turquoise blue water of the Bow river, meandering across the

valley flat like the Forth beneath the ancient burgh of Stirling. There are hotels again at the Devil's Lake; the trip is well worth taking, it is only about eight miles, and one drives along a valley not often equalled for wild desolation. For its queer benches have been swept by fire, and the snows of the winters have strewn the blackened pine trunks until the valley reminds one of Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. It is a weird black lake, the Devil's Lake, and full of monster lake trout. Dr. Webb, Miss Vanderbilt's husband, caught a 48 pound trout there on his great trip through the West. On the way to it there is as beautiful a little canyon as one can see in America, a clean cut through perpendicular walls of rock. Another charming lake near Banff is Lake Louise, best reached by taking train to Laggan at the foot of the vast helmet-shaped mass of Mount Lefroy, the monarch of Canadian mountains. Thence a three mile walk through

But it issues from a cave, shaped like a vast still, with dark passages leading off to unknown darkness and distance, and it flows into a little dell ideal, with rings rising from the water's edge of red sedge, tall grass, white daises and purple madorias, with background of shrubs and pine trees.

The Government baths are a delightful institution; for 25 cents one gets bath and towels, and these sulphur baths are as delightful as they are health giving. There are two of them used alternately by ladies and gentlemen—the open basin and the cave. Both are highly sulphuretted. The basin is a pool in the elbows of the hillside, clear as glass, with big springs bubbling up into it, one eight feet deep and sandy bottom, surrounded at the edges with a queer honey-combed formation dripping with water, which fossilizes everything like the famous well at Matlock baths in Derbyshire. Its temperature is about 80° Fahrenheit, and it is big

And the attendants are most courteous and obliging. Every particular about the analyses of the springs, climate, conditions and the scenic attractions may be learned by writing to Dr. Brett, Banff, Alberta, N.W.T., and asking for a pamphlet he had printed. Banff owes everything to Dr. Brett and the C.P.R.—to the railway for putting it on the main line between Montreal (and New York) and Vancouver and San Francisco with their shipping connections. To Dr. Brett for being its pioneer. He opened up its springs, built its first hotel, is about to build a hydropathic establishment, and last winter spent ten thousand dollars in wages by taking a contract for poles. Both on the river and the Devil's Lake there are plenty of boats and steam launches, and there are plenty of fish in Bow River, but I am afraid that the vacuous looking Anglican clergyman who comforted me for not catching anything by the suggestion that the fish



CASCADE MOUNTAIN, FROM UPPER HOT SPRINGS, BANFF.
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

delightful woods brings one to a lake about two miles long of turquoise blue water fed by a vast glacier, running almost down to the water, and two still smaller lakes on the fringe of the glacier higher up the mountain. All around are vast dark pine woods, and at the nearer end, a sweet little chalet, with a big dining-room and kitchen and half a dozen guest's rooms, the new C.P.R. hotel. One of the greatest living landscape painters, Albert Bierstadt, whose pictures have immortalized the forest primeval of California, and the buffalo days of the North-West, has spent much time here lately preparing a great canvass.

The feature of Banff, of course, is the hot springs, and the government baths present most attractions. The middle spring is not yet opened for bathing, but it is a little gem, just such a fountain of eternal youth as one can imagine the Indian leading Ponce De Leon to visit; or a Greek Naiad choosing for her home; the water, it is true, is sulphur blue, and has a beard of white flux and dark emerald green moss.

enough for a good swim and deep enough for a good dive. The cave is the weirdest place. One walks along a stalactite passage dimly lit, reminding one of the cave temple of the Japanese Venus at Enoshima, and eventually emerges into an exquisite cave thirty or forty feet across, the shape of the interior of a beehive, with its rocks in the form of so many gigantic shells, dimly lit by a hole in the roof, and filled with deliciously warm water by ever flowing sulphur springs.

Before one plunges in, the atmosphere seems as warm as a Turkish bath; when one comes out it is delightful to stand about in the sulphurous air leisurely drying oneself. Here too, one can have a good swim, though the diving is not quite so good. The hours are:

Hour.	Cave.	Basin.
7—10	Ladies	Gentlemen
10—1	Gentlemen	Ladies
1—4	Ladies	Gentlemen
4—7	Gentlemen	Ladies

were not yet sufficiently accustomed to the sight of people! turned the bag inside out.

If the fish are shy, they are at any rate plentiful, which does not apply to bird or beast, flower or forest. Banff, once roamed over by buffaloes, and clothed in great forests haunted by bears and wolves, is now singularly devoid of life. It is not "of the earth earthy," but of the Rockies rocky.

How well these mountains were named. Banff is a paradise for the lovers of fantastic rocks. The Cascade Mountain is a glorious pyramid of naked rock, and the Castle Mountain, a few miles away, has such a curiously architectural appearance that it recalls King Edward the First's famous castle at Conway, immortalised by Gray in his "Bard," with its round brown Saracen towers in tiers. And on a smaller scale there are what I have christened the "White Friars" from their colour and their curious resemblance to the cowed monks one sees on the continent.



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE, BANFF.
(Messrs Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

These are locally called the Hoodoos or the Natural Monuments, and are strange masses of conglomerate, left isolated by the defriction of the softer strata around them. They stand on one of the strange natural benches, looking like the Roman earthworks of Dover Castle, characteristic in river valleys of the Canadian North-West.

Our last days at Banff were dreams—clear, cloudless days, so gloriously fine that the grasshoppers were a burden, and the rivers the purest turquoise, and nights so moonlit that one could trace the outline of every peak in the amphitheatre of the Rockies that encircled us. One bathed in that most romantic bathing place nature ever devised, the cave; paddled up the glassy creek into the reedy lakes, and after moonrise sat out in the soft night far enough from jarring voices to be able to hear the gabble of the river and the hoarse roar of the waterfall.

Harrison Springs are not much like Banff. They are struggling for themselves, with no omnipotent Canadian Pacific Railway to make them in a day. But there are capital sulphur baths there, swimming and ordinary, and a capital mountain hotel, with gentlemanly, obliging proprietors. The Harrison Springs hotel is not difficult to reach. It is only five miles from the Agassiz station on the C.P.R., which is only a few miles from the Mission station, where the trains come in from Seattle and San Francisco. The hotel stands at the end of the lake, a very large one, with a magnificent view of mountain and glacier, not unlike the view of the Bernese Oberland from Zurich. In front are a chain of finely wooded islands; at intervals up the lake there are romantic waterfalls and picnicking places, and round the second point, with its bold rocks like the ram of a

warship, the fierce Harrison River commences its descent to the lordly Fraser.

For sport there are no easily accessible places superior to Harrison. Both bear and deer are common round the lake, and can easily be driven to the guns by dogs, (the shooters are posted, the walking being very severe), while the fishing really is first-rate, fine trout, both speckled and the great lake fellows, abounding. At the end of the lake stood once a town of three thousand inhabitants, when the highway through British Columbia lay through Harrison and the adjoining lakes by steamer, and over the intervening necks of land by portage. There is now, I believe, not one inhabitant left to tell the tale. But they were piping days in that dead Caribou gold-rush.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Changes in the R. S. M. I.

It is announced from Ottawa that the following changes will be made in the organization of the Royal School of Mounted Infantry and the Company of Mounted Infantry: The Company of Mounted Infantry will henceforth be known as "Canadian Mounted Rifle Corps;" The Royal School of Mounted Infantry will be known as "Royal School of Instruction." Canadian Mounted Rifle Corps will consist of one class of troops, of which strength and distribution will be as follows: 4 officers (combatants), 1 medical officer, 1 sergeant-major, 1 quartermaster sergeant, 2 sergeant instructors, 5 sergeants, 1 sergeant trumpeter, 1 ser-

geant farrier, 3 corporals, 3 lance corporals, 3 trumpeters, 80 privates. The present distribution will be gradually brought into accord with the above. The school of instruction will be of a two fold character—a school of instruction for infantry and a school of instruction for cavalry—the type best suited to the western region. Separate certificates will be given. The following non-commissioned officers and men will form the permanent dismounted section of the corps: Quartermaster sergeant, two sergeant instructors, two sergeants, five privates. They will, as far as possible, be employed wholly in connection with instruction and in regimental establishments, can'teen, hospital and quartermaster stores, but will be fully qualified to perform mounted duties.

The uniform of the Canadian Mounted Rifle Corps will be altered as follows: Tunic scarlet dragoon pattern; facings blue, buttons universal militia pattern; pantaloons blue with scarlet stripes, as for artillery; trousers, blue with scarlet stripes as for artillery; boot legging and spurs as heretofore; forage cap, field service pattern, as for artillery; winter caps, general pattern, with scarlet busby.

Mr. Balfour is doing his best to emulate Mr. Gladstone alike in industry and versatility. He is reported to be writing a popular book on J. S. Mill's philosophy, which a biography will be incorporated. The race of statesmen-authors has not come to an end, despite the demands of democracy on its servants.

Episodes of Chinese Life in British Columbia.

II.

BY the Chinese, the advent of a new year is proclaimed with a fusillade of fire crackers, the continuous reports of which—like unceasing volleys of musketry—are pointed by heavier detonations, as larger crackers are added at intervals to the general din of the explosions by the revellers. Tons of explosives are imported from China prior to the day on which, not only courtesies are exchanged by the pro-tem expatriated Celestials, but also on which every queued subject of the Sun feels it incumbent on him to stand a free man—from debt. In several of the Pacific coast cities where the Chinese form not a small portion of the population, it has been found necessary to frame by-laws restraining them at this festive season from unlimited and untimely discharge of explosives; although the age honoured habit of welcoming the incoming year has the countenance of the civic authorities sufficient to save it from being placed in the category of nuisances and suppressed entirely as such. Their ages being dated from this day renders it all the more great, and several days only of noise and festivity suffice to satisfy the Chinese that due honour has been accorded so important a period.

Ordinarily, even in the wash houses, wherever a recess allows of it, an image in statuary, a picture or one of the philosophical formulas of the saints, printed in perpendicular columns on a red ground is worshipped religiously day by day. Thin reeds partly enveloped in the dust of odoriferous woods and termed joss sticks are burnt in front of those symbols. Whether the worship is devoted to the sainted memory of Confucius, the promulgator of the ethical doctrines which he raked up from disuse, and so religiously adhered and added to; or to Laon-tsy, the founder of the sect of reason, a more spiritual doctrine, which held sway as great as that of the great sage with whom his life was contemporaneous is difficult to arrive at, elucidation merely going as far as "Velly good man, him," when the query, "Who 'him,' John?" is ventured at the owner of the concern. The mythical time that history allows has elapsed since the appearance of the last Boudh, and the prolonged coming of another uplifter of the human race is fast eradicating the last vestiges of their belief in Buddhism, although one would think the state of Nirvana after 'saluting the age' would commend itself to their philosophic minds as a most fitting consummation of their brief struggling life on this mundane sphere. If their worship is of the founder of the great code of morals, and their observance of the rites conducted in a true spirit, then they are a much abused race; for if a chicken is lost to an owner, the theft is placed to the credit of a Chinaman. But to the class who, as a rule, enter this country with the intention of attaining a certain amount of money, afterwards returning home, too much honesty has never been attributed. An intelligent Chinaman who was asked as to the object of worship in many of the lower order of houses here, asserted that it is a picture of a good man, who lived to a very great age, and whose name is Took-luk-shou, but the English rendering of the words was without his knowledge. Where worshippers have so many patrons, however, it may be inferred that various saints and ancestors are accorded the homage.

During the days on which high holiday is maintained, hospitality is at a discount. Not only do the Chinese pass from house to house, and den to den, saluting the honourable head, and leaving their cards on which their names are printed in the hieroglyphic characters peculiar to their language, receiving in exchange that of the hosts, who, smilingly supported by a host of previous callers, welcomes the visitors warmly; but also to the white population their doors are wide open, and the sweetmeats and wines with no niggard hand. Every Chinaman from his braided queue to his peculiar footwear is groomed for the occasion, and is evidently in his happiest mood, his smile unceasing, proclaiming his peace at this time with all men. Many the host in American promiscuous fashion; but the callers who receive most attention from the Chinese are the small boys, the posthumous growth of the nineteenth century, whom they especially wish to propitiate and cultivate the right side of, pending next snow-ball season.

On entering any of their business places at this time, the most striking object presented to the eye is the framed and bedecked picture in front of which are slowly being consumed a number of joss sticks, the perfume of which hangs heavily about the shop, the close, incense laden air visibly affecting a person not accustomed to those usages, soporifically. Hardly has the idol been noticed, and its flanking of Chinese lilies placed in shallow vessels, when the host advances bowing, and asking in pigeon English if you'll have "Samshoo, or a cigar." "Take some candy? velly good, all same." In offering the spirit called Samshoo, which they seem to pronounce Sam-su-i, one recalls the monosyllabic character of their language, and the illusion a person is apt to get under on hearing the tonal measure, in strong emphasis on each vowel, suggesting a tri-syllabic word. The spirit, like the men who emigrate to the Americas, is a native of the Province of Canton, and is distilled from a much weaker wine of very nice flavour which is a product of the rice forming such a large proportion of the solid nourishment on which they exist. The lilies which are in blossom, having sweet smelling flowers, are carefully tended previous to the auspicious time in which they deck the houses, where their bright petals and sea-green stalks add beauty to the surroundings where already cleanly, and brighten up the dingy dens forming the smaller stores and living houses. A peculiarity of this lily is that it draws solid nourishment and grows and blossoms when placed in water alone. Small stones are placed in the vessels in which they are grown to allow the roots to cling to—octopus like—as a support for the stalks and flowers. A very pretty legend is connected with its origin, in which it is said a farmer left a half each of his estate to two sons, the eldest receiving good land in which he planted tea, and prospered; the younger son having only land of a swampy character, nothing would grow in it, and he was sorely moved to grief. But a white elephant presented him with a bulbous root which he placed in the water and the result was, through time, grief changed to joy and a paradise of flowers. Through the outcome of this incident which brought him great wealth, he became a mandarin, and attained to the third degree of state in the Kingdom, the Emperor planting the yellow flag with golden dragon on his horse. (The moral to be deduced is obvious.)

Accompanying the outside discharges of crackers there is in progress inside the ceremony of scaring his Satanic Majesty, and if his sable highness is susceptible of din and clangour, there is little doubt if in the vicinity, as they suspect, that he shifts his camp in such quick order that he must neglect to withdraw his tent pegs. This unmusical and tiresome part of the ceremony is kept up unceasingly for long periods at a time by the agency of drums and immense cymbals, an oval metallic instrument clinking out its quota to the general din. There is plenty of laughter during this phase of the performance, and the continuity of it is maintained by one celestial stepping in as another retires exhausted, with renewed force attacking the peace of the devil. It is amusing to observe the manner in which they throw up their heads and strain their eyes ceiling-wards, as they take up the large cymbals in relieving each other as they tire of crashing the instruments together. While so engaged some of their countrymen standing around waggishly light fire-crackers, which they throw opportunely enough to cause the explosion to take place about the performer's ears, on which the lookers-on set off on laughter. The whole ceremony is attended with great hilarity, and good humour prevails among them, enough to make one believe they conceive the joke of the rite themselves.

The joss houses in British Columbia are of no great magnitude, neither are they the repositories of grand examples of carving or furnishing, at least not on the mainland; but a room is dedicated to the worship of the joss, who is supposed to influence the devotees, after their offerings to him, in steering clear of bad transactions in business or suspected evils about to take place in the household; while they are guided by signs for good, which they sincerely believe the joss has the power of manipulating. To a Christian person, toss-copper seems as serious a mode of deciding on entering or keeping clear of an uncertain transaction.

When the new year arrives all those of the Chinese who are in outside employment quit work, if they at all can, and remain idle at least during the first few days of the festival, it appearing almost incredible, on entering the stores or houses, to believe so many of them can be packed into their den-like habitations. The confections which they hand around on the entrance of their guests, are for the most part fruits preserved in sugar, and of agreeable taste, while the tray in which they are temptingly laid out is compartmented, and is of some China grown hard wood. Many of the white visitors retain those confections and also one of the double slips of thin red paper which the Chinese use as visiting cards as mementoes of the peculiar rites and memorable manner in which they celebrate the most notable day in their calendar. One would suppose that the grand display of the paper lanterns, in the manufacture of which they are the world's greatest experts, would form a striking feature of the festival; but no, there is not a dozen visible during the celebration, and those only of large size, and usually pendant from the ceiling of the better class stores. Chinese lanterns at once suggest themselves in conjunction with Chinese festivities, but they are not conspicuous at this season, and the feast of lanterns not being observed by that portion of the Cantonese who reside here it is left to the white and aboriginal (Indian) population to make periodical displays of the handicraft of the Chinese. Quite a few devotees of Bacchus find this a favorable opportunity of indulging their passion, and consequently make stated rounds time and again throughout the towns, enjoying to the full the hospitality of the brother whom they otherwise affect to despise. The Chinese are too philosophic, are too thoughtful to be swayed or affected seriously by their white brothers' sneers and taunts as long as they 'savvy' they are under the protection of the law, as are their tormentors themselves. They have left unfavourable circumstances of life at home to do battle in slightly better conditions of living and weather, and nothing will make them swerve from their object in obtaining a competency on which they may recline in future years when they will hail the approach, and enter on the first day of the new years to come with a still more pleasant smile if possible than they wear when welcoming all—Chinese, Indian and white man—to partake of the hospitality which they so agreeably and unstintedly bestow upon those who enter their doorways to wish them 'many returns of the day,' whether always sincerely is plainly dubious, but none the less heartily comes the response,

MELLY NEW YEA'.

JAMES P. MACINTYRE.

Incidents of the Emperor's Visit.

There were one or two little incidents in the reception of the German Emperor that will remain stamped for ever on the memory of those who happened to observe them. The first was the evident embarrassment of the Duke of Clarence when his Imperial cousin planted a manly kiss upon his cheek. The Prince of Wales had gone through this ordeal with practised firmness, but it looked as though his son was unprepared for such an accolade; and, whether spontaneously or in accordance with the programme, the Kaiser bestowed no osculatory greeting on the Dukes of Edinburgh or Connaught. Then there came rather a pretty and natural scene when the Royal and Imperial party came ashore after luncheon, and Miss Benson, the youthful daughter of the Vicar of Hoo, timidly stepped from the little crowd and offered the Empress a bunch of Marshal Niel or tea roses, exclaiming: "These are English flowers, Your Majesty." The Empress took them with a ready smile, and replied at once in English: "Thank you so much. It is kind of you to give them to me." Another interesting sight was the face of the Mayor of Windsor and of others in the audience when the Emperor, in answer to the long-winded address of the Corporation, artlessly referred to Her Gracious Majesty as "Grandmamma."—*Picadilly.*

A POETICAL SHOEMAKER.—A poetical shoemaker hung up the following remarkable effusion on a board over his shop:

"Blow, oh, blow, ye heavenly breezes,
Underneath these leafy trees;
Sing, oh, sing, ye heavenly muses,
While I mend my boots and shoes."

—*Chambers' Journal.*



FIRING AT 800 YARDS.



A GARDEN-PARTY AT THE CAMP.

SCENES AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DOMINION RIFLE ASSOCIATION, 1891.



HARD AT WORK.

Annual Meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association.

During the last few days of August, the rocky and uninviting rifle range by the side of the Rideau River was the scene of an unusual degree of animation. The annual matches of the Dominion Rifle Association were coming on; and the necessary preparations for this event—so rapidly growing in interest,—engrossed the attention of the officers of the Association. On Wednesday, the 26th, the work of erecting the official tents and those required for the various detachments who intended going in began, and by dint of energy and close personal attention on the part of the management, was completed by Saturday; that day (Saturday), the competitors commenced to arrive and every train brought large parties of aspirants for Bisley, until by Sunday night the greater majority of the competitors had been on the ground. This year the association had also secured the use of Mr. Gerald Bate's field on the north side of Theodore St., and along its front were placed the large tents to be used by the secretary, treasurer, and other officers of the meeting. Various other official marquees and officers' tents were in the rear, while across the bank, stretching to the river, were placed the Bell tents for the competitors.

On Monday morning the shooting began. Precisely at half past eight a. m. the gun fired and the budding riflemen started work in the Bankers' Nursery Competition; five shots, at 500 yards, open only to men who never won a prize of five dollars or over at any Dominion Rifle meeting.

The first two prizes were as follows:—\$20, Private C. M. Laing, 31st, 25 points; \$15, Mr. D. McMartin, O. R. C., 24 points. Sixteen was the lowest score which came in for a prize in this match. There were 67 prizes in all.

The Nursery was followed by the Macdougall Challenge Cup match, open to the acting Militia and Her Majesty's regular troops in Canada; Ranges 400 and 600 yards, five rounds at each. The cup, a magnificent trophy, was won by Staff-Sergt. F. Mitchell of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, who also received \$30; his score was 47 points. Next prize, \$25, was won by Private C. A. Windatt, 25th Batt., 46 points. There were 65 prizes in this match, the last of which was won by a score of 40 points.

The next match was the Manufacturers', 500 yards, seven rounds with the Snider. Lieut. Elliot of the 12th Batt. took first prize, \$30, with the possible 35 points, followed by Private Carter, 93rd, \$25, 34 points; 74 prizes were offered; 30 was the lowest successful score.

Next came the Standing match, 200 yards, seven rounds, Snider rifle; first prize, \$20, Staff-Sergt. E. A. Cleveland, 54th Batt., 30 points; second prize, \$15, Lieut. A. Wilson,

33rd Batt., 30 points; 54 prizes; 25 points came in for a prize. The above closed Monday's shooting.

On Tuesday, sharp at 8.30, the programme was continued. The first match fired was the Minister of Militia's match for team and individual scores. Ranges, 500 yards and 600 yards. Seven at each with Snider rifles.

The first team prize, the Caron cup and \$45, was won by the 45th Batt., with score of 285; second prize, \$36, won by the 13th Batt., score, 278. There were eight team and 62 individual prizes; in the latter, first prize, \$30, was won by Sergt. Hutchison of the 43rd, with 66 points, followed by Sergt. Morris, 13th Batt., 65 points; 55 points came in.

The next two matches were certainly the most picturesque and probably the most useful of the meeting. These were the Gzowski Challenge Cup Match and the British Challenge

Shield match. In the former the cup and \$50 was won by the Governor-General's Foot Guards with a score of 526 points; 2nd, \$40, won by the 3rd Batt. Victoria Rifles, with 480 points. There were six prizes. In the British Challenge Shield match the G.G.F.C. were also victorious, winning \$40 and the Shield with a score of 320 points; second prize, \$30, was won by the 13th Batt. with a score of 307 points. Four prizes were offered in this match. This closed Tuesday's shooting.

On Wednesday morning the Dominion of Canada match was first in order. This is one of the most important matches of the series, with five team prizes and 83 individual: the ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each with the Snider rifle. The Royal Grenadiers won the first prize, \$60 (and badges), with a score of 409, followed by the 13th Batt., who won \$50, with 397 points. The first individual prize, \$40, was won by Lieut. Kevel of the 22nd Batt., 92 points; second prize, \$35, Staff-Sergt. Ralston, 20th., 91 points.

The Rideau match was next fired; this is a one range match, 500 yards, seven rounds with Martini rifles. The first two prizes were won by Staff-Sergt. Loggie, N.F.B., 34 points; the second, \$25, by Corporal McKae, 3rd Vics., 34 points. There were 68 prizes in this match; 31's came in and 10 of them were counted out.

This closed the series of matches preparatory to the aggregate and special matches.

In the Snider aggregate, the first prize, a cup presented by J. H. Stewart, the well known London optician, was won by Sergt. Rolston, with 253 points; second prize, \$15, was won by Staff-Sergt. Mitchell, of the 13th Batt., with 240 points.

On Thursday the Grand Aggregate was declared showing Staff-Sergt. Rolston, of the 20th, with a magnificent score of 328 points to be first, having 18 points lead of the second man, Sergt. Morris, of the 13th.

The first prize in this was the D.R.A. medal, badge and \$50; second, D.R.A. medal, badge and \$40; 280 was the lowest score that came in for a prize.

In the Team Aggregate, known as the "Lansdowne," the 13th Batt. of Hamilton won the cup and \$40, with a score of 887 points; second, \$35, Governor-General's Foot Guards, 865 points.

The London Merchants' Match, open to teams of eight members, representing the different provinces, was won by Ontario, with 673 points, followed by Quebec, with 641 points. Ranges were 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each. The first prize was the cup and \$100; the second, \$80. An unusual feature in this match was that Manitoba came third, ahead of both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, provinces which are usually in the front rank in rifle shooting.

A new feature this year was the introduction of a "Lords and Commons" match, the "Lords" being represented by our Hon. Senators, who well refuted any insinuations as to



THE LAST SHOTS.



A CAMPING PARTY, NEAR PICTON, ONT.

slowness or lack of energy by giving the Commons a sound thrashing, much to the surprise of the latter.

The great plum of the meeting was now to be fired for; this was the first prize in the Governor-General's match, open to the one hundred highest scorers in the grand aggregate; ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven rounds at each with Martini rifles. First prize, \$250 and a special badge, was won by Lieut. E. A. Smith, of the St. John Rifles, with a score of 96 points; second prize, \$150 and a badge, was won by Staff-Sergt. Rolston, of 20th Battalion, with 93 points; for the third prize, \$100, three men tied with 91 points each. These were Lieut. Dover, of the 78th; Lieut. McAdam, of the Vics., and Staff-Sergt. McVittie, of the 10th. According to the rules of this competition, these ties were shot off the following morning with five rounds at 600 yards. All were very shaky at the beginning and each missed his first shot, after which Lieut. McAdam pulled himself together and put on a good seventeen in the remaining four shots; the other two competitors did not recover themselves and finished a long way behind McAdam, McVittie getting thirteen, and Dover twelve. This competition closed the meeting.

The Bisley team for 1892 will be taken from the first twenty in the combined scores of the grand aggregate and Governor-General's match. In this, as may be imagined, Staff-Sergt. Rolston of the 20th, led the field by no less than thirty-one points, the next to him being Capt. McMicking, of the 44th, with 483 points.

Sergt. Rolston is to be congratulated on his remarkably fine shooting all during the week, and his regiment ought to be proud of possessing such a magnificent shot.

In addition to the matches above mentioned there were a largen umber of "Extra Series" with both Snider and Martini, as well as a Revolver match.

Space forbids our giving the names of winners, but they were all well contested and the prizes very substantial.

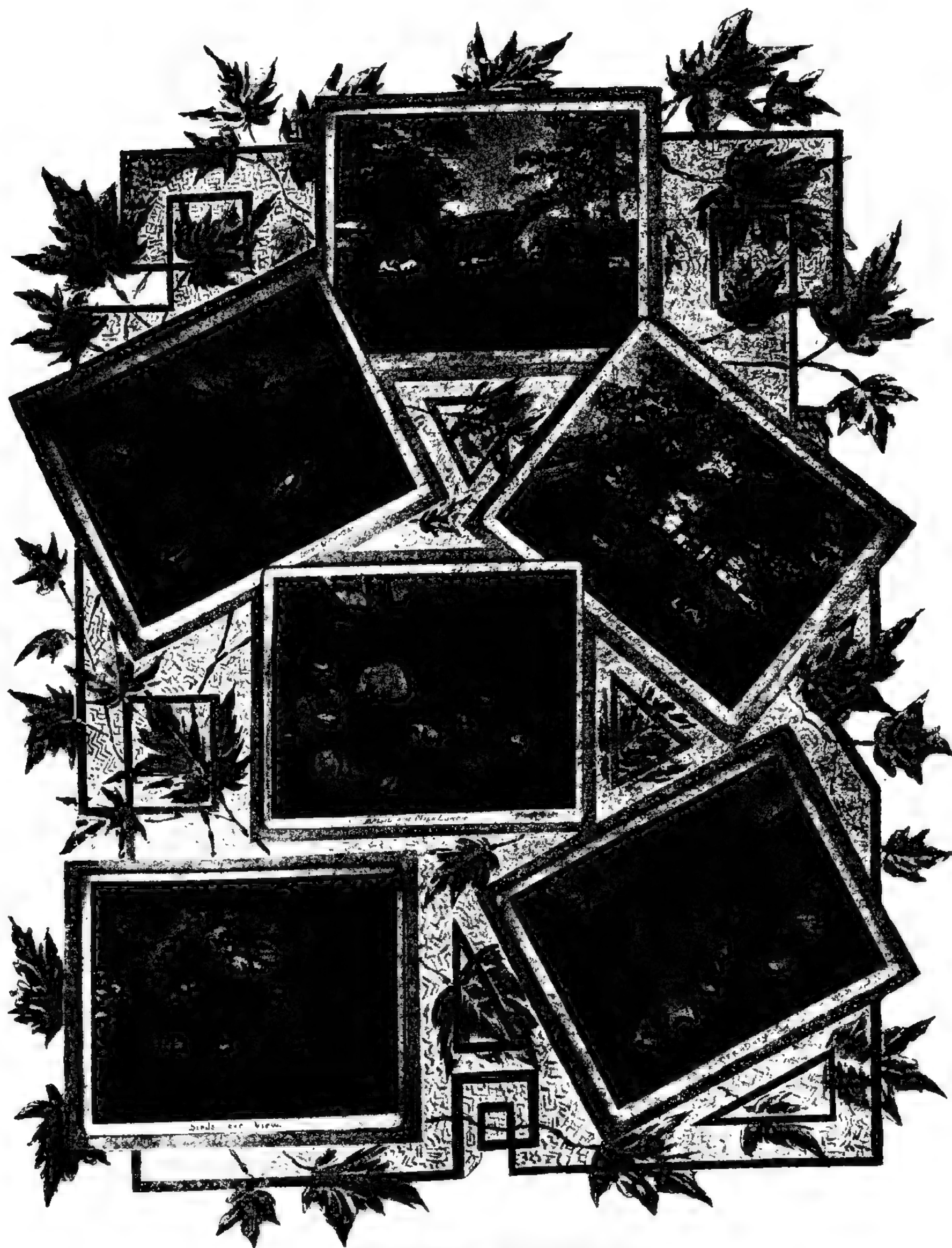
The management throughout the meeting was excellent, Col. Bacon, secretary, as usual superintending every detail of his department and arranging the order of shooting so admirably that no delay or hitch occurred. Major Walsh, treasurer, and in fact all the officers of the meeting were indefatigable in their work, and the management is to be congratulated on the general success of the meeting.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Kirkpatrick held a reception in the Council tent, which was attended by the *elite* of Ottawa society; the Guards band was present and played an excellent selection of music.

On Friday evening the prizes were presented at the Rideau Rink by the Hon. Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the former, an Imperial Guardsman's wife, presenting the Canadian Guards with a British Challenge Shield. The attendance was large and representative of the best class of Ottawa society. From every point the meeting was an unqualified success; the scoring was much better than last year, the attendance larger, the weather excellent, and the social features very pleasing. It is an excellent sign of the military efficiency of the country when such marked interest is shown in its great rifle meeting.



LT. E. A. SMITH, WINNER OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PRIZE



A CAMPING PARTY, NEAR PICTON, ONT.
(Mr. J. S. Hulett, photo., Napanee.)

(See page 267.)



VIEW OF THE PIERCED ROCK, IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR GASPE.
(From a print of 1760)

A TALE OF THE PEOPLE.

BY MAY AUSTIN.

FAR east, in one of the dingiest, dirtiest streets which all towns contain, and which Montreal is not exempt from, Moise Martel lived in a tiny tenement with his little daughter Therese. His wife had died at her baby's birth; had gone with a murmured blessing on the two most dear to her, into the shadowy land of death. Moise had been both fond and proud of his young wife. She had given up a high station to follow him in his lower walk of life; for Aline Laroque came from a distinguished family; one that had for very many years owned a dry goods house in one of the larger streets of the city, and Moise Martel was only a day labourer. Think of it—the gulf between a man who stands behind a counter and makes his living by measuring tapes and ribbons with clean hands, and one who walks forth every morning with the rising sun to begrime his hands with the soil! But Aline loved her plebeian lord, and her life was busy keeping her little home bright, weaving the *cachelaine* for the floors, making pretty patch work for the sofas, and wonderful woollen tidies of orange and red flowers, which art she had become proficient in at the convent. Besides this she scrubbed, and washed, and sewed, and their little rooms were the tidiest, brightest and most home like to be found anywhere.

Every night when Moise came back from his work Aline would be in the doorway watching for him, in a clean cotton frock and her hair in smooth light plaits about her head, as the *bonne seures* had taught her to wear it. And then Moise always said:

"Wait till I am washed, and I will kiss you." And so Aline would wait with the towel in her hand to hasten the happy greeting.

After the savoury supper Moise would read aloud from the evening papers, or pick out a tune or two upon the fiddle, for he was a bit of a musician, while Aline busied herself

with the sewing of some marvellous garments, over which she softly sang a *berceuse* in anticipation.

They were not given to spending many evenings out, for they had few friends, as is usually the case in unequal marriages; but so far they were all sufficient to each other.

Aline crossed herself before her crucifix by her bedside every night, and thanked the good God for giving her such a husband; while Moise, too, would bend devoutly and add his thanks to the Creator for the gift of such a loving wife.

And so things went on until the baby came and Aline went.

It was a sorry time, and for a week or so it seemed as though Moise could never pluck up courage to face life without her. But still he had something left to live for—his child. He went to the Cure and from him learnt of a respectable woman who would undertake the care of the babe, and then he worked the harder. He got extra jobs now and then. But what a different home coming was his now; no bright face to greet him; no comfortable home to receive him. He lived "in a muddle," as his neighbours said, until eight years went by, and one day a miniature Aline arrived, Therese, grown into a natty little maid.

She set herself to work at once to beautify the little home, for she was a handy little soul and had been well taught by the good nuns in all womanly work and occupation.

Moise came along the dingy street that night with tears in his eyes, for there was Therese in the doorway. He had talked much to her about her mother, and she meant to try and fill her place. After supper he told her of some extra employment he had secured, the lighting of the electric light in St. Catherine street.

But, much to his amazement, Therese burst into tears.

"Give it up," she cried. "It is my greatest fear, that big living thing which is 'nt alive. It will kill you, I know it will.

I used to call it 'the devil's delight,' for surely such hurtful things don't come from God, only one day the good Lady Superior heard me and gave me a penance."

But Moise quieted her with kisses.

He used to climb the pole to polish the glass globe for the electric light every morning. Passers by would hardly heed him, but at home a little heart would beat wearily with fear until his safe return.

"Mon pere," she would plead in pretty accents, "give up the fearful light and let us be poorer."

"Tien, pauvre petite, we must have butter for our bread," and so with a kiss he would send her away, and her fears would have a short reprieve.

One day while she was busy over the fricassee for her father's mid-day meal the peace of the narrow street was suddenly disturbed. There was the clear, quick clang, clang of a bell and the ambulance dashed by with its white cover, its yellow sides, and the red cross, carrying its message of comfort; someone had been hurt, perhaps killed. Therese turned paler and paused in her knitting.

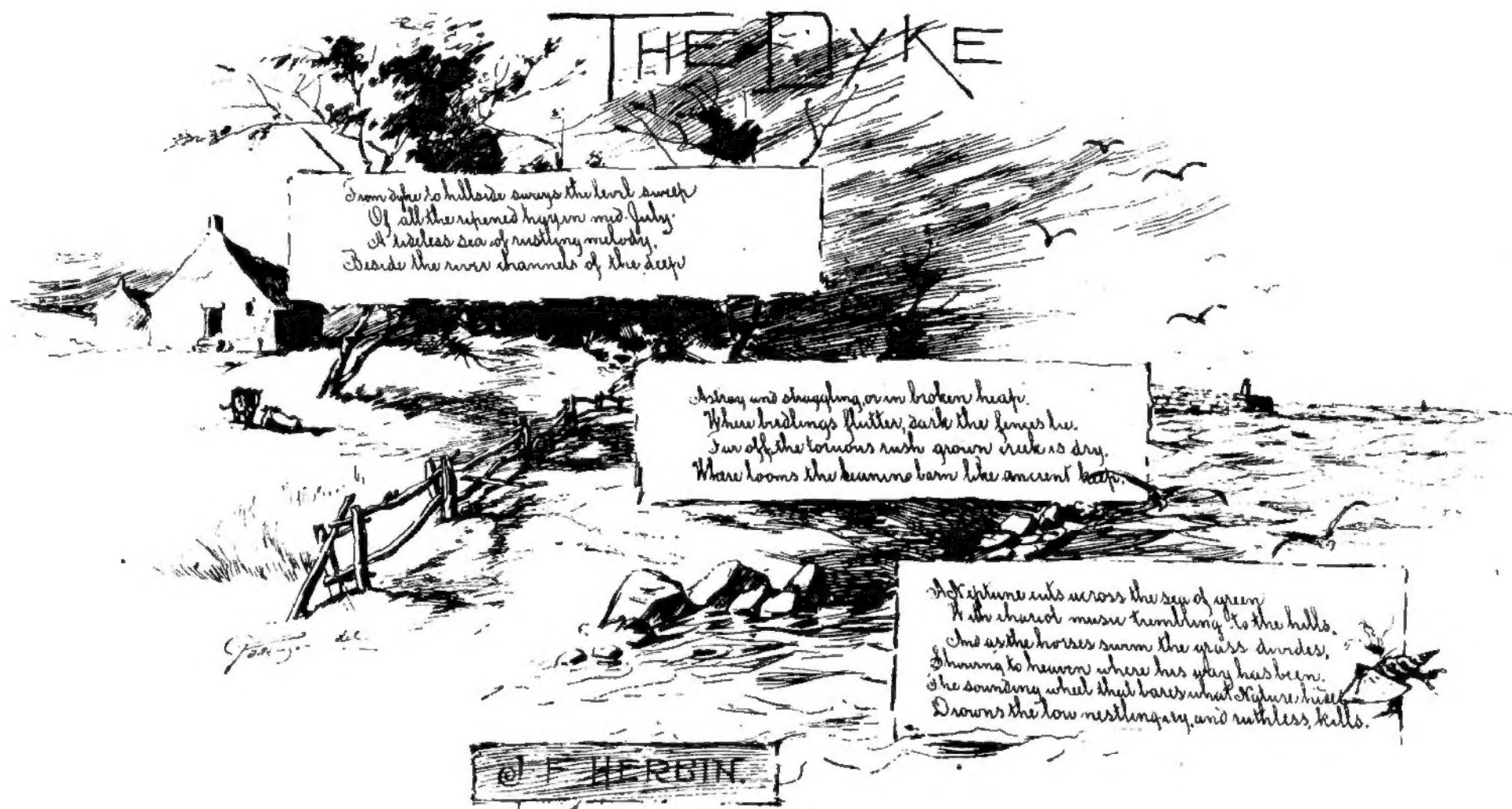
"Holy Mother of Jesu have mercy," she murmured, and went on with her work. But then a great fear fell upon her; the ambulance was returning at the slow pace that tells of the sufferer it bears. It stopped. Then the door was pushed widely open, wide enough to admit of two men with a ghastly burden.

A red cotton kerchief covered the dead man's face. It had been Therese's gift, and hers were the stitches which adorned it.

"Dead!—and without the Sacrament," cried the neighbours in holy horror.

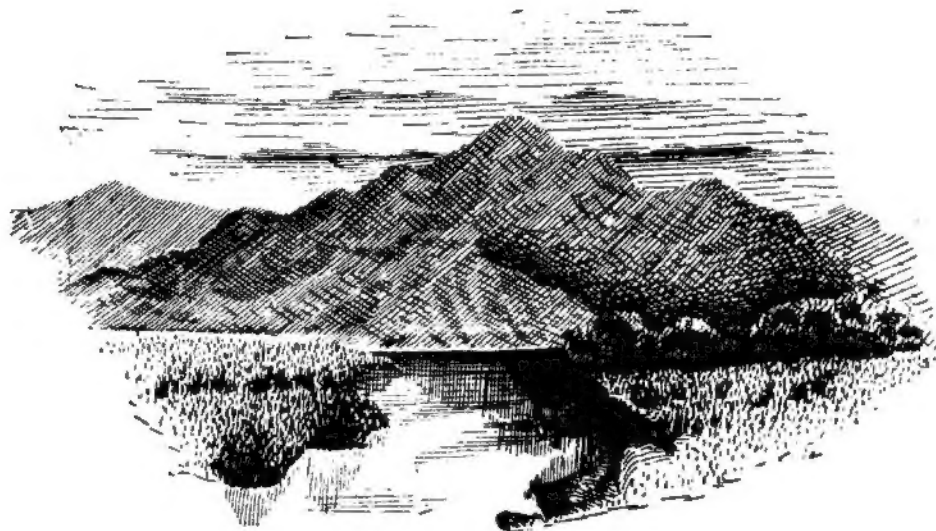
But little Therese knelt by his bedside praying to the Saints, and surely they were satisfied with the sacrament of her tears.

It may interest a great many people to learn that Mr. Bartlett, who, thirty-six years ago, made his first "attempt at a collection" of familiar quotations, is about to issue a ninth and final edition of his well known book.



SEPTEMBER.

Mellow September came over the hill,
Spicy-sweet herbs sprang up swiftly to follow,
All the wide world heard her step and grew still;
Purple-edged shadows stole out of the hollow.
Drowsily deep was the buzz of the bees
In the white clover and jessamine flowers,
Drowsy the sunlight that crept through the trees
In the tall grass where it slumbered for hours.



Ruddy September came over the hill,
Bloused out the west like a poppy's unclosing,
Red were the leaves falling into the rill,
Low in the reed-curtained cradle reposing.
Sumach and sassafras kindled and glowed;
Burned the witch-hazel, a bonny camp fire;
Hard by the edge of the dusty white road
Beacons of crimson flared out of the briar.

Peaceful September came over the hill,
Veils of white mist floating hither and thither;
All the wide world heard her step and grew still;
Everything restful and dreamy came with her.
Slumberous breezes she brought from a land
Sweet with the hint of late harvested clover;
Soft fell the touch of her cool, steady hand,
And all the harsh heat of the summer was over!

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy.

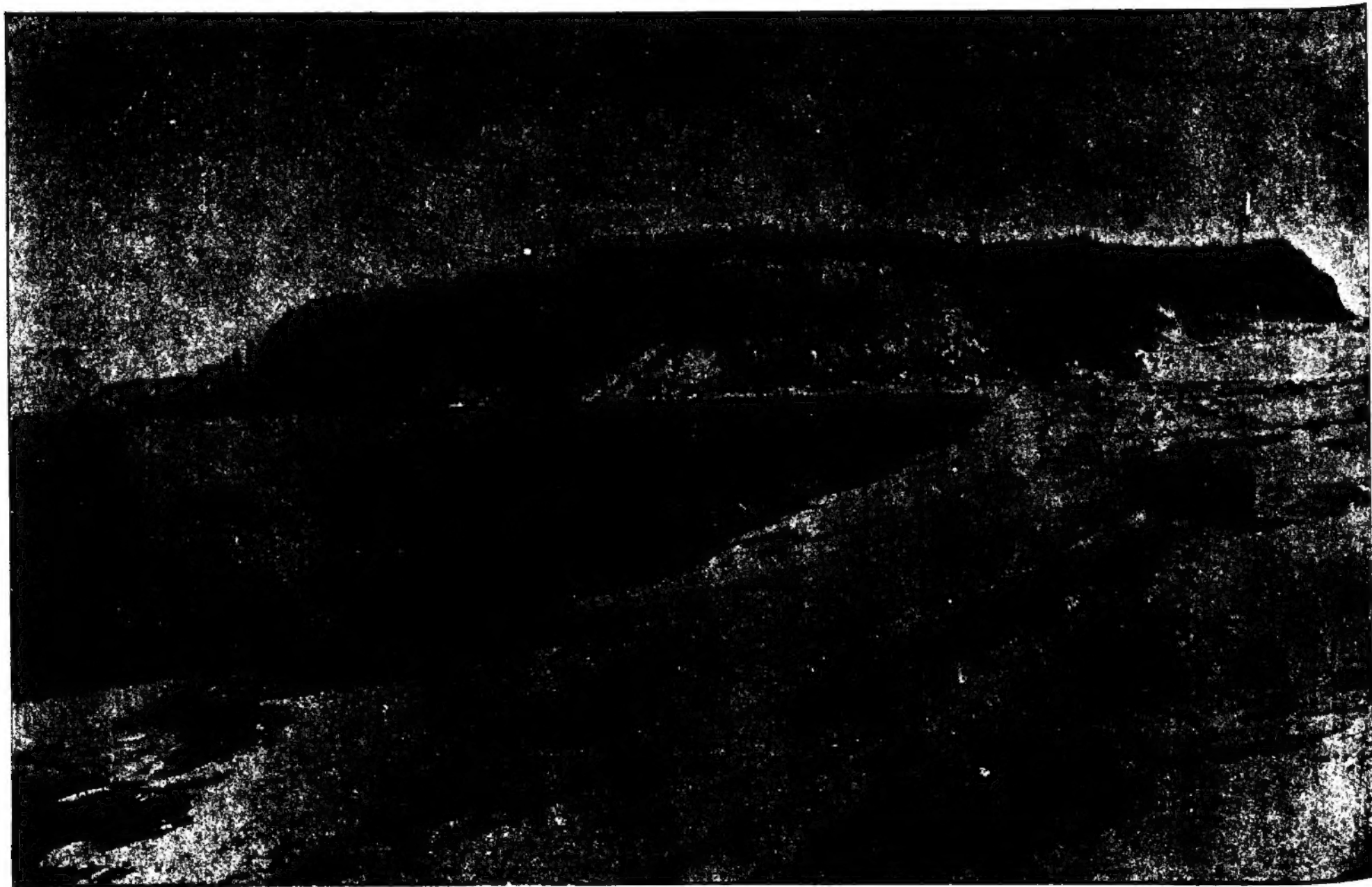
The engraving below is of a bust of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A., executed recently by that well-known Toronto sculptor, Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy. The artist is a native of London, England, and is just forty-five years of age; he



BUST OF MR. L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

received his art training in the studio of his father, who was also an eminent sculptor, noted especially for his skill and fidelity in the reproduction of animal subjects. Mr. MacCarthy has executed many busts of our noted men,—the Duke of Wellington, Earl Derby, Lord Wolseley, Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Col. Williams—and others. He is an Academician of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

A JOURNALISTIC FEAT.—A home paper writes:—"Mr. Goschen resumed his seat in the House, after his Budget speech, at six minutes to 7 o'clock; by three minutes to 7 his closing words had reached the office of the *Manchester Evening Mail*; and by ten minutes past—or sixteen minutes after the right hon. gentleman had concluded his statement—a report of his utterances to the length of about 2,000 words was to be bought in the streets of Manchester for a half-penny." This is a remarkable journalistic feat.



PARTRIDGE ISLAND, NEAR PARRSBORO, N.S.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES

One of the most striking peculiarities of Pope Leo XIII. is the convulsive tremour of his hands which one sees on meeting him. This is not a result of age, as is generally supposed, but the consequence of typhoid fever, from which he suffered at Perugia some twenty-five years ago. So great is this trembling that he can no longer write. When he has to sign a document he is obliged to hold the wrist of his right hand with his left hand in order to be able to trace letters that would otherwise be unreadable, and even then each stroke is an infinity of tiny, light zigzags.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, of Brantford, Ontario, has a charming article in a recent issue of the *Detroit Free Press* (London edition) on canoeing in Canada, and shows herself to be as skilful with the pen as the paddle. In addition to being a descriptive writer, Miss Johnson is a versifier, and the *Athenaeum*, in noticing a collection of Canadian songs, quoted with admirable comment a canoe song by Miss Johnson, "the cultivated daughter of an Indian chief, who is, on account of her descent, the most interesting English poetess now living." Miss Johnson is an enthusiastic lover of Canadian sports.

It is stated that during his passage to Liverpool Prince George of Greece had a very unpleasant time of it. There were over 150 American young ladies on board, and their attentions to the Prince became annoying and oppressive. Nearly all the young ladies had cameras for taking instantaneous photographs, and every time that the Prince appeared on deck over 100 cameras were levelled at him. Latterly the Prince held his hands to his face when he came on deck, but even this was not protection from the snap of the instantaneous photograph. During the latter part of the voyage he remained below.

De La Fontaine is not alone in the records as a literary genius of the first rank who was ill-favoured in his manners.

We have had the like in our own country. The accomplished Lord Chesterfield, for example, describes Addison as the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw; and Horace Walpole tells of the poet Gray: "He is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily. All his words are measured and chosen. His writings are admirable. He himself is not agreeable." Dugald Stewart gives much the same character of the celebrated Adam Smith.—*Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle*.

What Clark Russell is to the sea, Thomas Hardy is to the country. His novels have enriched the fiction which deals with heaths and villages, and his portraits of peasant life have been compared with justice to Shakespeare's. He has no use for the town, but lives entirely in the country, in a quaint house near Dorchester, built from his own design, for he was an architect before he became a novelist, and, being a magistrate, he has the advantage of studying the rustics from the point of vantage of the bench. The drive up to his door is studded with skulls taken from a neighbouring churchyard, and he does all his writing in a roomy garret, cut off entirely from the rest of the house, into which none but the elect are suffered to enter. Unlike Walter Besant, he is a firm believer in the inspiration theory, writing only when the composing fit is upon him. He makes something like £1,800 a year out of his novels, which are few and far between, and he has an independent fortune besides. In appearance he is a blonde-complexioned, pleasant-looking man, of small stature, with an Elizabethan beard, and acknowledges to nine and forty. He is of noble stock, being directly descended from the Hardy to whom the dying Nelson said, "Kiss me, Hardy," and is considered by some critics to be the greatest of living romancers.

An Anecdote of Kipling.

There is a funny story about Rudyard Kipling, who, it is said, is about to marry a pretty American widow from Pittsburgh. He works overmuch at his profession, and the other day was sent away by his physicians to take a little sea trip around the coast. The company was rather mixed and casual on board his ship, but one of his secrets of power is to fraternize and study at first hand all types of humanity. He became decidedly popular at the end of the first day out, and was invited to join some game in which the rules necessitated the giving of each player's name. "And what may be yours?" was demanded of the young author, who replied with becoming modesty that it was Rudyard Kipling. A statement greeted with derisive laughter. "That's a good one!" they cried; "you'll tell us you're William Shakespeare next," and from that moment he was called "Kipling," with a sarcastic emphasis meant to be withering, which filled him with delighted amusement.—*Illustrated American*.

The Highest Up Farmer.

E. J. Lawrence, Peace River, N.W.T., writes as follows to the *American Agriculturist*: "I am the most northern farmer in America, a thousand miles by dog-train in winter to reach the Government post office on the outskirts of northern civilization. Do not wonder if mails are slow and I do not get one-half my papers; some one gets them. Money is not known here. We have in spite of our latitude, fifty-nine north and the same longitude as Salt Lake city, one of the finest and most agreeable climates north of latitude forty. All common grains do well, wheat excellent. Vegetables are unsurpassed by anything I saw in the east. I weighed six field turnips last fall that turned the scale at one hundred and ten pounds. The heaviest was twenty-two and one-half pounds. It is not unusual that we can pick from the pile of potatoes fifty that would weigh 100 pounds. It is a splendid country for horse-ranching. Cyclones, blizzards and hail storms are not known. I have been here eleven years, with only one poor crop."

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



THOSE who have followed Tom Brown at Rugby and at Oxford and who have admired the doctrine of muscular Christianity therein set forth, will take some interest in the question that is now agitating the Y.M.C.A. athletes in the neighbourhood. One faction is of the opinion that Y.M.C.A. athletes should be entirely under control of the association's officials, and the discussion has been brought about by the Central Branch of Brooklyn joining the Long Island league. The opponents to the measure are principally men who are not athletes themselves, while the athletes think that good association work can be done and at the same time honours from the outside be gained. It is likely from the complexion of affairs that special legislation will have to be enacted, as under the present constitution joining outside leagues and associations is distinctly contrary to Y.M.C.A. principles. The object of the association's physical department is to develop good all-round men, while in the other branches they trust to special training to bring honours.

The Quaker City has once more demonstrated that her cricketers are the best on the continent. They had a comparatively easy thing of it when they played the Canadians in the international match, although they were not in anything like their usual form. For the championship of the United States, which match was started on Saturday last, they again collectively proved the superiority which they have not got individually. Chicago was the crack Belmont and Germantown clubs, it was thought that they would easily win the championship of the U.S., but when the western men tackled an aggregation from the Belmont, Merion and Germantown clubs they got some pointers in the game which they will not soon forget, and left the field defeated by an inning and 359 runs. Chicago made 57 and 62, a total of 119, while Philadelphia's first inning netted 478 runs.

Willie Windle is still champion for the mile record safety race, which was won at Hampden Park, Springfield, on Friday last. For some time past Zimmerman and Windle have been apparently anxious to meet each other at this distance and when they did meet there were 25,000 people looking on. It was a grand race from start to finish and the prize was a piano worth \$1,000. Never in the whole course of the race where the wheels not lapped, and Zimmerman led all the way up to the last second when Windle with a tremendous effort got his wheel a few inches in front of Zimmerman. The time was a trifle slower than the limit set by the referee. The limit had been set at 2.23 2-5, while the race was just one-fifth of a second slower; but as both men had endeavoured to reach the limit, the prize was awarded.

The annual fall games of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association which took place on Saturday did not receive that support from the public in the way of attendance to which they were entitled, and this is the more to be regretted as the O.A.A.C. have done much for athletes during their brief existence. Following is a summary of the events:—

G. S. Carson won the hundred yards, with F. Chittick second. Waldron, M.A.A.C., won the half mile in 2.04 1/2, with W. C. Young, O.L.C., second. Young had 60 yards. E. C. Grant, O.A.A.C., won the high jump with five feet. R. Bradley, Collegiate Institute, scratch, put the 16 lb. shot 33 feet 6 inches, winning easily. R. B. O'Sullivan, 20 yards, won the 220 yards race; Geo. Carson, 10 yards, second. Time, 23 seconds. J. Bouchard, O.A.A.C., 60 yards, won the mile, with C. Cameron, M.A.A.A., 60 yards, second. Time, 4.46 1-5. Running broad jump, E. C. Grant, O.A.A.C., one foot, won, defeating Chittick, scratch, by an inch; 19 feet 3 1/2 inches. G. S. Lowe, M.A.A.A. (scratch) won the two mile bicycle race easily in 6.36 2-5 actual time, C. D. Spittal, Ottawa Bicycle Club, (30 yards) second. The quarter mile resulted in a dead heat and a hard race. The race was between Waldron, M.A.A.A. (scratch) and Hugh Carson, O.L.C. (10 yards). The race was very fast, the time being 52 seconds. Waldron declined to run over and

the race was given to Carson. Geo. Moffat, M.A.A.A. (scratch) won the 120 yards hurdle with E. C. Grant, O.A.A.C., second. P. D. Ross was referee.

The intermediate lacrosse championship of the N.A.L.A. has once more become a live issue in lacrosse circles. After every team in the District League had hopelessly defeated the Crescents, the latter took it into their heads to surprise the people by playing for the intermediate flags in Sherbrooke. Accordingly they went to the pretty township metropolis accompanied by an importation or two from Quebec, and they came back with the flags, much to their friends' surprise. Sherbrooke must be a very weak team or the Crescents a very erratic one.

Last week's *Spirit of the Times* had a paragraph about Canadian lacrosse amateurism, which is not at all creditable to the people concerned in it, and not only that, but the correspondence has been very clumsily done. The New York Athletic Club, the Staten Island Athletic Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club were all served alike with this exemplary epistle, the substance of which is made public while the names of the senders are concealed. Of course, it is to be supposed that this is accounted for by the fact that the clubs receiving the letter regarded the communication in a certain sense as confidential. Whether such a course is correct will admit of doubt, and the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association could hardly employ its time better than in looking into the matter. That we have such men playing on our senior teams in Canada there is no manner of doubt and considerably more than six of them, too. They cannot all be voted out at one time, but these six would make a very good beginning. The club on which they are playing would also be a good subject for investigation, for if these six gentlemen are such thorough amateurs as their letter makes them out to be there is a strong probability that they are not in a team that scorns to give inducements, and if six of them are willing to throw off their allegiance there is also a probability that it is because the other six are better paid. Following are a few extracts from this precious document:—

Aug. 29, 1891.—Six lacrosse players would like to go and live in New York. All are first-class men and playing on senior teams, no junior amongst them. One is recognized as the best home player in Canada. All are first-class men in their respective positions and playing on one of Canada's champion teams, and have mostly all played on the Montreal, Shamrocks or Cornwall teams, and are now playing with the———. All will play with your team if you can give them good situations. Two are coat and vest makers, one a machinist, one a drug clerk, five years' experience, one a telephone lineman, and one a doctor. Doctor will take any good position in drug, liquor, or office, can travel in New England where he is well acquainted with drug trade and medical profession, is thoroughly versed in English and French, and would act as correspondent (foreign) or secretary to some firm. He will take any paying position. All are sober men. Have had an offer from one New York club, but would rather play with you. Please answer at once and say if you have positions, and state salary. Able to leave at short notice. Must receive your offer soon or we will accept offer already made.

It was unfortunate for the Bel-Air Jockey club that the dates of the Buffalo meeting should clash with theirs, but this was in no way the fault of the Montrealers, who did all in their power to avoid such a contre-temps. This accounted for the noticeable absence of Western horses, who devoted their time to Buffalo, and the scarcity of starters. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the racing was good and some of the finishes decidedly exciting. Following is a summary of the races with the horses placed:—

Trial purse \$275. Six furlongs. Seven starters. J. P. Dawes' ch f Vassella, by Vassal—Stella, 2, 81. [White 1] J. P. Dawes' b m Zea, by Terror—Begonia, 5, 124. [Gorman 2] Home Bred stakes, for two-year-olds sweepstakes \$15 each. \$200 added. For horses foaled and raised in the province of Quebec. Four furlongs. Three starters. J. P. Dawes' b f Mayonna, by imp. Moccasin—Little Jennie, 2, 105. [Gorman 1] Penniston Bros.' b c Albuera, by Ailah—Ivy, 2, 110. [Flynn 2] Bel-Air cup, \$400. Weights 10 lbs. below scale. One and one-sixteenth miles.

J. P. Dawes' b h Redfellow, by Longfellow—Redwoman, 5, 122. [Gorman 1] T. H. Love's b g Pericles, by Strachino—Grecian Maid, a, 112. [Penny 2] Handicap steeplechase, purse \$300. Two miles. Three starters. Wellington stables' ch h Gladiator, by Glen Athol—Lottie, 6, 137. [Hamilton 1] Chas. Finnie's b g Thistle, by Tubman—Shyra, a, 128. [Snyder 2]

Purse \$300. One mile. Three starters. J. P. Dawes' b m Belle of Orange, by Duke of Montrose—Jersey Girl, 3, 109. [Gorman 1] D. W. Blanchard's b g Billy Crane, by King Alfonso—Astoria, 5, 112. [Flynn 2]

Purse \$275. Six furlongs. Four starters. T. H. Love's ch f Polydora, by imp. St. Blaise—Polenta, 3, 123. [Gorman 1] Jos. Minogue's b g Duke of Bourbon, by Duke of Magenta—Edith, a, 129. [Dufresne 2]

Brokers' purse, \$300. One mile handicap. Four starters. J. P. Dawes' b f Belle of Orange, by Duke of Montrose—Jersey Girl, 3, 125. [Gorman 1] T. H. Love's b g Pericles, by Strachino—Grecian Maid, aged, 108. [Penny 2]

Purse for two-year-olds, \$250; colts, 118 lbs., fillies 113 lbs. Five furlongs. Five starters. J. P. Dawes' ch f Vassella, by Vassal—Stella, 2, 113. [Gorman 1]

Ottawa stables' b c Temiscamingue, by Telemachus—Glance, 2, 113. [Bellanger 2]

Handicap steeplechase, purse \$300. Two miles and a half. Four starters.

Wellington stables' ch h, Gladiator, by Glen Athol—Lottie, 6, 144. [Hamilton 1] Bay View stables' b g Mackenzie, by Legatee—May, a, 144. [Pope 2]

Handicap sweepstake of \$20 each, with \$400 added. For all ages. One mile and an eighth.

J. P. Dawes' b f Belle of Orange, by Duke of Montrose—Jersey Girl, 3, 118. [White 1] J. P. Dawes' b h Redfellow, by Longfellow—Red Woman, 5, 132. [Gorman 2]

The officials were:—Judge, Mr. R. R. Pringle; starters, Messrs. J. Alex. Strathy and S. J. Doran; clerk of scales, Mr. J. Robertson; clerk of course, Mr. Geo. Auldjo; timers, Messrs. Samuel Coulson and C. M. Whitlaw; president, Mr. J. P. Dawes; vice-presidents, Messrs. Robert Craik, M.D., and Chas. Cassils; executive, James O'Brien and Hugh Paton, the vice-presidents and hon. treasurer; hon. treasurer, Mr. D. McIntyre, jr.; hon. secretary, Mr. J. H. Wardlow.

R. O. X.

Stray Notes.

AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT:—"What shall I write this morning, sir?" asked the fresh young lad of the managing editor.

"You may try your hand on your resignation," replied the latter.—*The Epoch*.

FIRST REPORTER: How did the *Daily Getthere* obtain a report of the Highup-Tiptop wedding? No reporters were admitted.

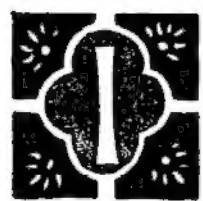
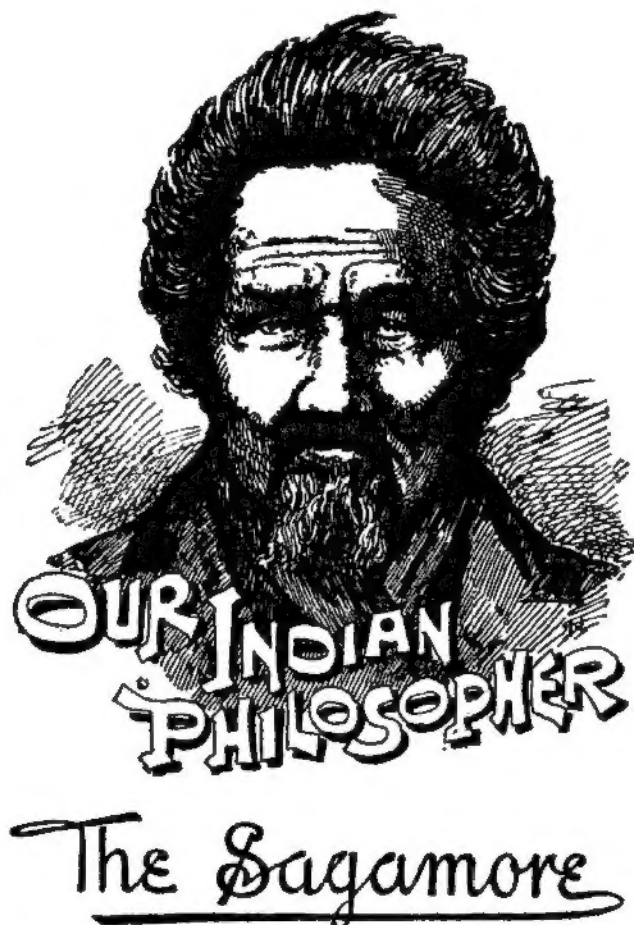
Second Reporter: They sent a new man there, and he looked so scared that all the attendants mistook him for the groom.—*New York Weekly*.

A DISTINGUISHED NAME.—Mr. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of the great novelist—Dickens, of course—has just been elected to Parliament in New South Wales. If the young man can achieve fame with such a name will Australian posterity speak of him as the great Dickens or the great Bulwer, or the great Bulwer-Dickens? *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Cheerfully Granted.—Breezy Whiskers: Boss, can't you help me—

"Sauve Stranger—Certainly; here is a card of the *Daily Trombone*. Our rates for "Help Wanted" are twenty cents a line.

SUMMER NEWS.—Woman (indignantly): "Stop my paper!" Clerk: "What is the matter, doesn't the boy leave it properly?" Woman: "Yes, but my sister from Dracut was here on Sunday, and you never had a line about it."



It did not require a very keen eye to note that the sagamore was in a savage mood. He scarcely even condescended to grunt in response to the reporter's greeting.

"My brother, you are out of sorts today. Anything wrong?"

"If I kin git my eye on one Yankee," blurted out the warrior, "then you see something wrong pooty quick."

"What have the Yankees been up to?" queried the reporter. "Have they been gobbling your fish preserve? Pulling your eel pot? Stealing your bait?"

"My son, Jack," said the sagamore abruptly, "he went down to Oldtown last week. He got 'ob'fore he went, with one them Oldtown Injuns to do some work. Soon's he got there them Yankees asked him where he come from. Soon's they found out he's from this country and gonto work down there they sent him right back here."

Your son," explained the reporter, "being a Canadian, comes under the operations of the contract labour law. You see there are only sixty millions of people there, while we have nearly five millions. Necessarily they must protect themselves. It is a well established fact that one Canadian can do as much work as ten Yankees. Therefore, if your son went to work there, ten Yankees would be thrown out of employment. You can see the injustice of that from a national point of view, my brother. Can't you?"

"No," gruffly rejoined the old man. "I can't."

"It seems to me to be clear enough," said the reporter. "If we were a weak nation like the Yankees we would have to adopt just such measures in self-defence. Why, just think of it! Two harvest labourers had the gall, the other day, to start from Manitoba down into Dakota to work. You know as well as I do that the wheat crop in the Dakotas only yields one medium sized stalk to the square mile. That being the case, imagine what it would mean for two well-fed and able-bodied harvesters from Manitoba to go across there and go to work. Why, man, they'd stack the crop of the two states before lunch time. The authorities, therefore, did the correct thing when they marched those two fellows back across the border. Because, after harvesting the wheat crop of the Dakotas, if they didn't happen to have taken their lunch across the lines with them, they might have turned to and eaten it all up. Then we would have been called upon, and with justice, to aid the starving settlers of Dakota. Now, I take it, it is much the same at Oldtown. And under such circumstances the return of your son is quite the proper thing."

"Mebbe so," said the sagamore, "but I git even with them Yankees yit. They come down here under contract every year. They make contract every summer with our hotel keepers to come down here and eat grub. I'll git that stopped pooty quick."

"What! Stop the summer tourists from coming—and let them frizzle? That would be too hard. Though it

would be a great saving in 'grub.' One Yankee summer tourist, when he gets a sniff of our Canadian air, can eat more than ten Canadians. And grumble about the hotel accommodation at the same time."

"That's so," said Mr. Paul. "Then I kin hit 'um in another place. They come over here to ketch salmon. I'll git that stopped, too."

"What about their commercial travellers?"

"Take their samples away and send 'um home agin," quoth the sagamore.

"And their fraternal society excursions, such as the Sir Knights Gallots and Continental Standbacks and other gangs that come over here in gaudy paraphernalia to have a good feed and a good time?"

"Scalp 'um," promptly responded the sagamore. "Scalp 'um all."

"If you do all that," said the reporter, "your revenge will be ample. But it is hardly worth while, it seems to me. When you consider that we are so far ahead of them in all respects—that we own the world's wheat belt, the world's fisheries, the world's fast mail route, the world's nickel deposits—the world's promise for the future, in short—it is hardly worth our while to raise a row about a little thing. Be generous, my brother; be magnanimous. Spare the weak. Let the varlets live."

The sagamore said he would think it over, but at the same time it would perhaps be as well for persons of annexationist proclivities to give the wigwam a wide berth for the next few days.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

The Hon. Hornbeam Hamestrap.

NEVADA has had her Silver Kings, and other striking claims to recognition by the world at large; but not less worthy of recognition, if less widely heralded, as indeed modest virtue ever is, are the exploits of some of her sons, whose names perchance are scarcely heard beyond the shadow of their native mountains. That Hornbeam Hamestrap was only an humble prospector does not detract one iota from the glory of an achievement of which he was the central figure, and which called into activity in the most marked degree the qualities of intrepid courage and god-like



magnanimity. While prospecting among the mountains he one day discovered a cave away up the rocky hillside, the entrance to which was very narrow, but its interior roomy and comfortable. He made it his headquarters, brought food and fuel there, and was to all intents and purposes the "monarch of all he surveyed." One cheerless, gloomy

day, when the mists hung low on the mountain peaks and the rain poured in torrents, he sat by the blazing fire in his cave home, thinking. Presently he rose and walked toward the mouth of the cave to scan the weather. Imagine his surprise to find in the very entrance to the cave a huge mountain grizzly. The latter emitted a deep growl. It is quite safe to say that there are few men who would regard a call from a grizzly in the light of a compliment. Not one man in a thousand but would have wished that bear a score of miles away. But not so Hornbeam Hamestrap. He was not the man to turn even so unwelcome a guest as this, even as he would not turn the meanest of God's creatures, from his door in a pelting storm. With a magnanimity as noble as it was rare he invited the grizzly to step inside, and would courteously have stood aside to let him pass first but that the passage was too narrow. As it was he backed into the cave and moved around behind the fire, inviting his dark browed and sullen visaged guest to follow him. The latter did so with alacrity. Then a high and self-sacrificing resolve took possession of Hornbeam Hamestrap. He saw that his guest was of taciturn disposition, and conceived that he would doubtless prefer solitude to the companionship of a stranger. "I will go forth," said Hornbeam to himself, "and let him rest in peace." In moving round the fire he and his visitor had changed places. The latter was now behind the fire, while his host had moved on around to the front again, ostensibly to replenish the blaze. He was now, therefore, nearest the entrance; and lest his visitor should remonstrate if he explained his purpose, he suddenly turned and bolted for the door. Out into the howling storm he went, and down the mountain side. The grizzly, whether he was afraid to stay alone, or whether he feared his magnanimous host would break his neck among the slippery rocks, and die alone in the darkness, hurried after him at full speed. It was in going down the mountain side that Hornbeam Hamestrap proved his claim to brilliant and intrepid courage. Had he been nervous or excited, had he made a mis-step, he would inevitably have been dashed to death. But from rock to rock, from cliff to cliff, over dwarf bushes and yawning cracks in the seamed and chasmed mountain side he leaped with the sure foot and steady eye of a mountain goat. He spent the night at the nearest miner's camp, but a fever followed the drenching he had received, and he was ill for many days as the result of his self-sacrifice. It is deeds like this that tower, that shine. It reckes not that he for whom the sacrifice was made did not appreciate its worth, did not even call to learn the fate of his benefactor. No thought of recognition or reward prompted the sacrifice, and had the grizzly made the cave his home for months it is extremely unlikely that Hornbeam Hamestrap would ever have sought a recompense. There was nothing mean or grasping in his nature. Hon. Mr. Hamestrap is now one of the leading citizens of Grizzly Canyon, a flourishing Nevada town. Though advanced in years he still retains in a large measure the vigour of his youth, and there is not a solitary bald spot on his venerable pate. His life history is full of valuable lessons for young Canadians.

GRADUAL, BUT EFFECTIVE.—"That's a very pretty charm on your watch chain, Mr. Stayforever."

"I am very glad you think so, Miss Tiredtodeath."

"The chain is very pretty, too, isn't it?"

"I am quite delighted that you like it."

"Is your watch pretty?"

"Well, you can judge for yourself."

"What, Mr. Stayforever! Is it really quarter of 11? Who would have dreamed it was so frightfully late?"—*Boston Courier*.

BOUND TO BE A POPULAR IDOL.—"You appear to have caught 'em," observed the manager, as the leading actor came rushing hastily behind the scenes.

"Yes," said the actor, wiping the remains of a belated egg from the folds of his Roman toga and dodging a cabbage fired after him from one of the private boxes, "everything seems to be coming my way."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.—Young Husband: "My dear, Melanie, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad."

"Wife: "All imagination; it says in the cookery-book that it tastes excellent!"—*Nebelspatter*.